English Historical Plays

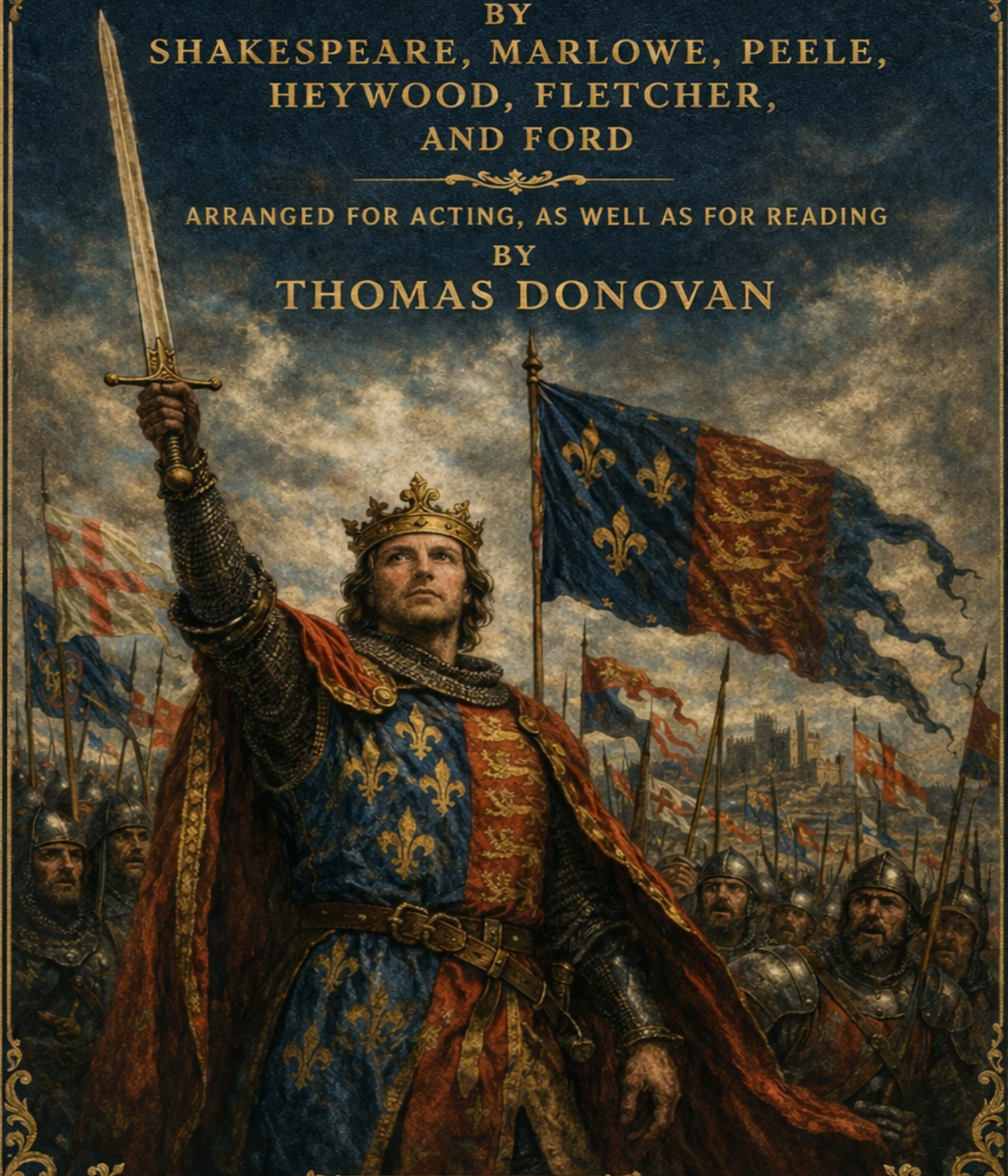
BY

SHAKESPEARE, MARLOWE, PEELE, HEYWOOD, FLETCHER, AND FORD

ARRANGED FOR ACTING, AS WELL AS FOR READING

BY

THOMAS DONOVAN



VOLUME 2

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ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS BY SHAKESPEARE, MARLOWE, PEELE, HEYWOOD, FLETCHER, AND FORD

ARRANGED FOR ACTING, AS WELL AS FOR READING

BY
THOMAS DONOVAN
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KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY VI.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge;*
afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *son to Lord Talbot.*
A Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
Mayor of London.
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York, faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster, faction.*
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
Governor of Paris.
DUNOIS, *Count of Orleans.*
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
An old shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier; married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey. The Cloisters.

***Enter the* DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER, *and the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.**

Bed.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo.

England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe.

We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

Win.

He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.

4

The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo.

The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win.

Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Bed.

Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Duke Reignier of Anjou doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe.

The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo.

We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed.

Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Exe.

Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed.

Me they concern;
regent I am of France:
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Exe.

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

5

Bed.

I do remember; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation.

Glo.

I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. The Temple Garden.

***Enter the* EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another Lawyer*.**

Plan.

Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf.

Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan.

Then say at once, if I maintain the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in error?

Suf.

'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som.

Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.

War.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan.

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som.

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan.

Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

6

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som.

Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War.

I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf.

I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver.

Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp’d from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som.

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan.

And I.

Ver.

Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som.

Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver.

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som.

Well, well, come on; who else?

Law.

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan.

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som.

Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan.

Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,
For pale they look with fear as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som.

No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan.

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

7

Som.

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan.

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som.

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding rose,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan.

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf.

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan.

Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf.

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som.

Away, away, good William De-la Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War.

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan.

He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som.

By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words.
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason, in our late king's days beheaded?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood:
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan.

My father was attached, not attainted:
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker, Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well;
and say you are well warn'd.

Som.

Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan.

And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood—drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;

8

Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf.

Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

[*Exit.*

Som.

Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.

[*Exit.*

Plan.

How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

War.

This blot, that they object against your house
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster.

Meantime in signal of my love for thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to—day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Parliament House.*

Enter* BEDFORD, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.

Win.

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo.

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of them:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

9

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win.

Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
Were I ambitious, covetous, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo.

As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win.

Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo.

Am I not lord protector, saucy priest?

Win.

And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo.

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronise his theft.

Win.

Unreverent Gloster!

Glo.

Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win.

This, Rome shall remedy.

War.

Roam thither then.

Som.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

10

War.

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som.

Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War.

Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som.

Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War.

State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Bed.

Ye special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to the crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within.*
What tumult's this?

War.

[*A noise again.*
An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

Enter the* Mayor of London, *attended.

May.

O my good lords,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The Bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble—stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

***Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER.**

Bed.

We charge you, on allegiance to the king
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo.

You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

Bed.

O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Will you, my Lord of Winchester, relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War.

My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win.

He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo.

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

Win.

Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo.

Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

Bed.

How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv.

Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv.

So will I.

3 Serv.

And I'll see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, etc.*

Bed.

Now will it best avail his majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, are all quite lost.

12

Exe.

How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess.

No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new—begot:

Cropp’d are the flower—de—luces in your arms;
Of England’s coat one half is cut away.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess.

My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Bed.

What! wherein Talbot overcame? is’t so?

Mess.

O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o’erthrown:
The circumstance I’ll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck’d out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag’d he flew:
The French exclaim’d, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz’d on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the rearward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them),
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed.

Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Mess.

O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed.

His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Before Orleans. The French Camp.*

***Alarums. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others*.**

Char.

Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne’er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

14

Reig.

Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified:
Lean raw-bon’d rascals! who would e’er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char.

Let’s leave this town; for they are hare-brain’d slaves,
And hunger will force them to be more eager:
Of old I know them: rather with their teeth
The walls they’ll tear down than forsake the siege.

***Enter* DUNOIS OF ORLEANS.**

Dun.

Where’s the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char.

Dunois of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Dun.

Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char.

Go, call her in [*Exit* DUNOIS]. But, first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*

Enter* LA PUCELLE, DUNOIS, *and others.

Reig.

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

15

Puc.

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'z, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig.

She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

[*Exeunt all except* JOAN *and* CHARLES.

Puc.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our gracious Lady, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deignéd to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success.
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blessed with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char.

Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:
And if thou vanquishest thy words are true;
I otherwise renounce all confidence.

Puc.

I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Touraine, in St. Katharine's church,

Out of a deal of iron I chose forth.

Char.

Then come, o' God's name, I no woman fear.

Puc.

And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and* LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*

16

Char.

Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

ACT II

Puc.

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char.

Who'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire:
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc.

I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char.

Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Re-enter* REIGNIER *and others.

Reig.

My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc.

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char.

What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc.

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

Char.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fallen down on earth,
How may I ever worship thee enough?

Alen.

Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig.

Do, woman, what thou canst to save our honour;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char.

Presently we'll try:—Come let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before Orleans. Top of a Tower.*

Enter **SALISBURY, TALBOT,** *and others.*

Sal.

Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal.

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me,
Which I, disdaining, scorned; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

Sal.

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal.

With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal.

I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each enemy,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
[*He looks through embrasure.*
[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *falls.*
O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Tal.

What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;

18

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contrived this woeful tragedy!
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Cheer, Salisbury, thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die,—He beckons with his hand,
As who would say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Shouts heard; afterwards an alarum.*
What stir is this? what tumult in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan La Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Tal.

Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Gates of Orleans.*

Shouts of Victory. Enter* PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.

Puc.

Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued from the English is Orleans:—
Thus Joan La Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char.

Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next,—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig.

Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen.

All France shall be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char.

’Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars of the realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I’ll rear,
Than Rhodope’s of Memphis ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell’d coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Ever before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan La Pucelle shall be France’s saint.
Come in and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[They enter the town.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Before the Gates of Orleans. Night.*

Enter* TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces with scaling-ladders.

Tal.

Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous’d and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity

20

As fitting best to quittance their deceit,

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed.

Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell!

Bur.

Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal.

A maid, they say.

Bed.

A maid! and be so martial!

Bur.

Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal.

Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed.

Ascend, brave Talbot: we will follow thee.

Tal.

Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed.

Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur.

I to this.

Tal.

And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear

How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls.*

Sent.

[*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*The French rush through the gates, pursued by the English.*

Enter* TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.

Bed.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal.

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

21

For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed.

’Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o’er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur.

After that things are set in order here,
We’ll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal.

Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess.

The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur.

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter’d with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal.

Ne’er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman’s kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed.

No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal.

Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Capt.

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Hall in the Countess's Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count.

Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port.

Madam, I will.

[*Exeunt.*

Count.

The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess.

According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count.

And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess.

Madam, it is.

Count.

Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

23

Tal.

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count.

What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess.

Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal.

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count.

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal.

Prisoner! to whom?

Count.

To me, bloodthirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal.

Ha, ha, ha!

Count.

Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal.

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count.

Why, art not thou the man?

Tal.

I am indeed.

Count.

Then have I substance too.

Tal.

No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain ‘t.

Count.

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

24

Tal.

That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums heard, and a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count.

Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather’d by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal.

Be not dismay’d, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers’ stomachs always serve them well.

Count.

With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near Orleans.*

Enter* CHARLES, DUNOIS, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE*, and Forces.

Puc.

Dismay not, princes, at this accident.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char.

We have been guided by thee hitherto

25

And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Dun.

Search out thy wit for secret policies
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc.

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise;
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char.

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that.
France were no place for Henry's warriors.
Nor should that nation boast it so with us.
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen.

For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc.

Your honour shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
[*An English March is heard at a distance.*
There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.
[*A French March is heard.*
Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley sounded.*

Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Char.

A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Bur.

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc.

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur.

What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching
hence.

Char.

Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc.

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur.

Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

26

Puc.

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac’d
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country’s bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country’s stained spots!

Bur.

Either she hath bewitch’d me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc.

Besides all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join’st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit’s sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion’d thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Harry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof:—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur.

I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me, like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot: I'll no longer trust thee.

27

Char.

Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Dun.

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen.

Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char.

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

Enter **Messenger** ***with letter for*** **CHARLES.**

Char.

These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits:

’Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen.

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc.

Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter another **Messenger.**

Mess.

Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char.

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

Mess.

The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin’d in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char.

Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Puc.

Of all base passions, fear is most accurs’d:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char.

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Field of Battle.

***Alarums: Excursions. Enter* LA PUCELLE.**

Puc.

The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* TALBOT *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken.

Tal.

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc.

Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

Tal.

O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc.

I prithee, give me leave to pray awhile.

Tal.

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Paris. A Room of State. The Coronation Music is heard.*

Enter* VERNON *and* BASSET *hurriedly.

Ver.
Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear

29
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas.
Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Ver.
Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas.
Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver.
Hark ye; not so; in witness take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas.
Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver.
Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*
[*Music approaches.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor of Paris*, and others.*

Glo.

Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win.

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo.

Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Tal.

My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—

Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen.

Is this then the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo.

Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen.

Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury.

War.

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo.

Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen.

And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War.

Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win.

As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen.

If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan.

Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And faithful service, till the point of death.

K. Hen.

Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot:
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan.

And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All.

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

***Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.**

Fast.

My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ from the Duke of Burgundy to your grace.

Tal.

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done), because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one.
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo.

To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill-beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal.

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen.

Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom!
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FAST.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo.

What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king"?
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—"I have, upon especial cause,—
[*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction.
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen.

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo.

He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen.

Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo.

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen.

Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him checklist for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal.

Content, my liege? But that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen.

Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal.

I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.
But yet, before we go, let's not forget

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The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings and mightiest potentates must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exit.*

***Enter* VERNON *and* BASSET.**

Ver.

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas.

And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York.

This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!

Som.

And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen.

Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver.

With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas.

And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen.

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas.

Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver.

And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York.

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som.

Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen.

Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations shall arise:
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York.

Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som.

The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York.

There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver.

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas.

Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo.

Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe.

It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen.

Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!

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Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest
After some respite, will return to Calais;

From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Paris. A Corridor in the Palace.*

***Enter* YORK *and* WARWICK, *meeting* EXETER.**

Exe.
My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York.
And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War.
Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York.
And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt YORK and WARWICK.*
Exe.
Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin’d or suppos’d.
But howsoe’er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should’ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event.

’Tis much, when sceptres are in children’s hands:
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
Then comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg’d love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester’d members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam’d the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. The Market-place.*

Enter* YORK, WARWICK, *and others.

York.

Bring forth that sorceress, condemn’d to burn.

***Enter* LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and* a Shepherd.**

Shep.

Ah, Joan! this kills thy father’s heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I’ll die with thee!

York.

This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep.

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
[*She kneels.*

York.

Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc.

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd.
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth,
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York.

Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War.

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc.

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

York.

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc.

Then lead me hence.

Shep.

With you I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Dead march. Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Before Bourdeaux. The English Camp.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter* TALBOT*, meeting the General of the French Forces, and others.

Tal.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry, King of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen.

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:

This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee with all;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,

And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General and others.*

Tal.

He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God, and Saint George! Talbot and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

***Enter* JOHN TALBOT.**

Tal.

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight come, dally not, begone.

John.

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say, He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal.

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John.

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal.

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John.

Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known, in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I go, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal.

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John.

Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal.

Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John.

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal.

Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John.

No part of him but will be shamed in me.

Tal.

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John.

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal.

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John.

You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal.

And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John.

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal.

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

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Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*York's Camp in Gascony.*

***Enter* YORK *and Soldiers; to him* a Messenger.**

York.

Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess.

They are return'd, my lord: and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York.

A plague upon that villain, Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter **SIR WILLIAM LUCY.**

Lucy.

Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waste of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York.

O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy.

O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York.

He dies, we live; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy.

Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York.

Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and Soldiers.*

Lucy.

Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter* TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.

Tal.

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John.

O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till, with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal.

When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay:
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John.

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
Out on that 'vantage, bought with such a shame!
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame),
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die
And leave me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal.

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet;

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Somerset's Camp in Gascony.*

Enter* SOMERSET*; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.

Som.
It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off.
Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

***Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY.**

Som.
How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy.
Hither, my lord; from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in disvantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renownéd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:

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Charles and Alençon compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som.

York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy.

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som.

York lies—he might have sent and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy.

The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som.

Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy.

Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som.

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy.

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Field of Battle.*

***Alarum: Excursions. Enter* TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.**

Tal.

Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

***Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.**

Serv.

O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal.

Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall ‘scape mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour’d death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy, he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father’s arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave.
[*Dies.*

ACT VI

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, SUFFOLK, *and* EXETER.**

K. Hen.
Have you perus’d the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo.
I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen.
How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo.
Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And ‘stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen.

Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my Lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. [*To* SUFFOLK.
Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passion in my heart:

Suf.

Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen.

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo.

So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf.

As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo.

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel

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Suf.

O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo.

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe.

Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf.

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen),
Will answer hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen.

Whether it be through force of your report,

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K. Hen.

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,

I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
Across the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Begone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Hall in the Castle of Tours.*

Enter* YORK, WARWICK, *and others: to them, enter* BEAUFORT, *attended.

Car.

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train,
Approacheth to confer about the matter.

York.

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

50

York.

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War.

Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter* CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, DUNOIS, REIGNIER, *and others.

Char.

Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York.

Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win.

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen.

Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char.

'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep

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Char.

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York.

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig.

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen.

To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War.

How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char.

It shall; reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns or garrisons.

York.

Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—[*They swear.*]
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter, on one side,* KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *on the other,* QUEEN MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, BEAUFORT, WARWICK, *and others following.

Suf.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen.

Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar.

Great King of England, and my gracious lord.—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All.

Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar.

We thank you all.

Suf.

My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo.

[*Reads.*] "It is agreed between the French king Charles,
and William de la Pole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for
Henry King of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse
the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples,
Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England.

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Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall
be released and delivered to the king her father"—

K. Hen.

Uncle, how now!

Glo.

Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen.

Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car.

[*Reads.*] "Item, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine
shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she
sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges,
without having any dowry."

K. Hen.

They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,

And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired.—Thanks, Uncle Winchester,
With Gloster, York, Warwick, and Somerset:
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen,
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, RICHARD, AND RUTLAND, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF EXETER.
LORD CLIFFORD.
YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*
VAUX.
THOMAS HORNER, *an armorer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SAUNDER SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver, and* MICHAEL, *followers of Cade.*
MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
Wife to Simpcox.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace at Westminster.*

***Enter* GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.**

Glo.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War.

So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York.

[*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal.

Let's haste away, and look unto the main.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York.

Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

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Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

Enter* PETER, *and other Petitioners.

First Petit.

My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit.

Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

First Petit.

Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

***Enter* SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN MARGARET.**

Sec. Petit.

Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf.

How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit.

I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar.

For my lord protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit.

Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all from me.

Suf.

Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of

Melford."—How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit.

Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter.

[*Presenting his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar.

What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter.

That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf.

Who is there? [*Enter Servants*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar.

And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petitions.*
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All.

Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar.

My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:

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His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are images of canonizéd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:—
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf.

Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar.

Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort
Th' imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York;
and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf.

And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar.

Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revénues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf.

So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

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Enter **KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,**
BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen.

For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York.

If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Som.

If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War.

Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car.

Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War.

The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck.

All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War.

Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal.

Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar.

Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo.

Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar.

If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo.

Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf.

Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car.

The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som.

Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck.

Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Glo.

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!

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But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf.

Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York.

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War.

That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf.

Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War.

Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

***Enter* Servants, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.**

Suf.

Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York.

Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen.

What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf.

Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these,—that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen.

Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor.

An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely
accused by the villain.

Pet.

[*Holding up his hands.*] By these ten bones, my lords,
he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were
scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York.

Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor.

Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen.

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo.

This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place.

K. Hen.

Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.

Som.

I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor.

And I accept the combat willingly.

K. Hen.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. The Duke of York's garden.*

***Enter* YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.**

York.

Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal.

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War.

Sweet York, begin an if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York.

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after the third Edward, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, of Lancaster,

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The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Seized on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret,—where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War.

Father, the duke hath told the very truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York.

Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal.

But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York.

The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose line
I claim the crown,—had issue, Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War.

What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; while York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both.

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York.

We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

’Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal.

My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War.

My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York.

And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Saint Albans.*

Enter **KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,** ***and*** **SUFFOLK,** ***with*** **Falconers** ***halooing*****.**

Q. Mar.

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years’ day.

K. Hen.

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf.

No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch.

Glo.

My lord, ‘tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car.

I thought as much he'd be above the clouds.

Glo.

Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen.

The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car.

Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart.

Glo.

What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
For with such holiness well can you do it.

Suf.

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo.

As who, my lord?

Suf.

Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo.

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar.

And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen.

I prithee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blesséd are the peacemakers on earth.

***Enter a* Townsman *of Saint Alban's, crying*, "A miracle!"**

Glo.

What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns.

A miracle! a miracle!

Suf.

Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Towns.

Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen.

Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the* Mayor *of Saint Alban's; and* SIMPCOX, *borne in a chair, his* Wife *and a multitude following.

Car.

Here come the townsmen on procession,
For to present your highness with the man.

K. Hen.

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo.

Stand by, my masters:—bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen.

Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp.

Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife.

Ay, indeed was he.

Suf.

What woman’s this?

Wife.

His wife, an’t like your worship.

Glo.

Hadst been his mother, thou couldst have better
told.

K. Hen.

Where wert thou born?

Simp.

At Berwick, an’t like your grace.

K. Hen.

Poor soul, God’s goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

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Q. Mar.

Tell me, good fellow, cam’st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp.

God knows, of pure devotion; being call’d
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, “Simpcox, come,—
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

Wife.

Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car.

What, art thou lame?

Simp.

Ay, God almighty help me!

Suf.

How cam’st thou so?

Simp.

A fall off of a tree.

Wife.

A plum-tree, master.

Glo.

How long hast thou been blind?

Simp.

O, born so, master.

Glo.

What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp.

But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife.

Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo.

Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that so wouldst
venture.

Simp.

Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo.

A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp.

Yes, master, clear as day, I thank Saint Alban.

Glo.

Say'st thou so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp.

Red, master; red as blood.

Glo.

Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp.

Black as jet.

K. Hen.

Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf.

And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo.

But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife.

Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo.

Tell me, what's my name?

Simp.

Alas, I know not.

Glo.

What's his name?

Simp.

I know not, master.

Glo.

Nor his?

Simp.

No, indeed, master.

Glo.

What's thine own name?

Simp.

Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo.

Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou had'st been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, is impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp.

O, master, that you could!

Glo.

My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not
Beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May.

Yes, if it please your grace.

Glo.

Then send for one.

May.

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo.

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A stool brought.*

Now, if you mean to save yourself from whipping,
Leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp.

Alas, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

***Re-enter* Attendant*, with the* Beadle.**

Glo.

Well, sirrah, we must have you find your legs.—
Whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead.

I will, my lord.—Off with your doublet quickly.

Simp.

What shall I do?
I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry, "*A miracle!*"*

K. Hen.

O God, Thou see'st this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar.

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo.

Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife.

Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo.

Let them be whipped through every market-town
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, etc.*

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Car.

Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf.

True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo.

But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

***Enter* YORK.**

York.

Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar.

Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen.

O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it;
and God defend the right!

York.

I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side,* HORNER, *bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, and a drum before him; and accompanied by his* Neighbours, *who drink to him: enter, on the other side,* PETER, *with a similar staff and a drum; and accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.

First Neigh.
Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a
cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
Sec. Neigh.
And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.
Third Neigh.
And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Hor.
Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!
First Pren.
Here, Peter, I drink to thee and be not afraid.
Sec. Pren.
Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.
Peter.
I thank you all drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal.
Come, leave your drinking now, and fall to blows.
Sirrah, what's thy name?
Peter.

Peter, forsooth.

Sal.

What more?

Peter.

Thump.

Sal.

Thump! then thump thy master well.

Hor.

Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York.

Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, 'larum to the combatants!

[*They fight, and* PETER *strikes down* HORNER.

Hor.

Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

York.

Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God,
And the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter.

O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen.

Go and take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his fall we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury St. Edmuuds.*

Sennet. Enter, to the Parliament,* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.

K. Hen.

I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

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Q. Mar.

Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, perémptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowéd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars,—
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—

That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf.

Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.

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Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Car.

Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York.

And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?

By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck.

Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen.

My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but—shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar.

Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposéd as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter **SOMERSET.**

Som.

All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen.

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from
France?

Som.

That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost. [*Angry murmurs.*

K. Hen.

Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York.

[*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

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As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

***Enter* GLOSTER.**

Glo.

All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf.

Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo.

Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me?
wherein am I guilty?

York.

'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo.

Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispurséd to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car.

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo.

I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York.

In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo.

Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them cóndign punishment.

Suf.

My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen.

My Lord of Gloster, ‘tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo.

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,
And charity chas’d hence by rancour’s hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil’d your highness’ land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s malice,
And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggéd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck’d back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr’d up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had note of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car.

My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf.

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had subornéd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar.

But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo.

Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck.

He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car.

Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo.

Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER *in their custody.*

K. Hen.

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar.

What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen.

Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

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Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
So mighty are his vowéd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none."

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar.

Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car.

That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf.

But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York.

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf.

Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar.

So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf.

Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood.

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car.

A breach that craves a quick-expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York.

That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som.

If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York.

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar.

Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York.

What, worse than naught? nay, then, a shame take all!

Som.

And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

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Car.

My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York.

I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf.

Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York.

I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf.

A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

York.

My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf.

I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Abbey Garden.*

***Enter* YORK.**

York.

Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death,—it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starvéd snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a minister of my intent
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and torturéd,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Bury St. Edmund's. A Room of State.*

Trumpets sound. Enter **KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,** ***Lords, and others.***

K. Hen.

Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

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Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as ‘tis published.

Suf.

I’ll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*

K. Hen.

Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter ‘gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv’d in practice culpable.

Q. Mar.

God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen.

I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Re-enter **SUFFOLK.**

How now! why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what’s the matter, Suffolk?

Suf.

Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar.

Marry, God forfend!

Car.

God’s secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*Exit.*
[*The* KING *swoons.*

Q. Mar.

How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som.

Rear up his body.

Q. Mar.

O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf.

He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.

K. Hen.

O heavenly God!

Q. Mar.

How fares my gracious lord?

Suf.

Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen.

What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me:
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar.

Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen.

Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar.

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper,—look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy fórlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then but curs'd the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blesséd shore
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

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Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land:—the sea receiv'd it:
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.

War.

It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen.

That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War.

That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner chamber.—*
SALISBURY *retires to the Commons at the door.*

K. Hen.

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,—

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and* GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*]

War.

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen.

That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War.

As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-faméd duke.

Suf.

A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.

Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War.

But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes.
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar.

Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War.

Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar.

Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—where are his talons?

Suf.

I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scouréd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* SOMERSET*, and others.*

War.

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar.

He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War.

Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf.

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War.

But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee.
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passéd speech,
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf.

Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War.

Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise within.*

Q. Mar.

What noise is this?

Re-enter **SUFFOLK** *and* **WARWICK,** *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen.

Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons
drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf.

The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal.

[*To the Commons at the door.*] Sirs, stand apart; the
king shall know your mind.—[*He comes forward.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him, they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edíct,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenoméd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons.

[*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf.

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons.

[*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will break in!

K. Hen.

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar.

O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen.

Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found

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On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all except* SUFFOLK.

Suf.

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixéd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

***Enter* MARGARET.**

Q. Mar.

Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargéd gun—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf.

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar.

O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf.

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,—
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

Q. Mar.

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st is coming;—
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. Mar.

Away! though parting be a córrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf.

I go.

Q. Mar.

And take my heart along with thee.

Suf.

A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar.

This way for me. [*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar.

Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux.

To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar.

Go tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
[*The death-bell tolls for* BEAUFORT.
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
[*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, *reading a supplication;* QUEEN MARGARET, *the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and* LORD SAY.**

Buck.

What answer makes your grace unto the rebels?

K. Hen.

I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls

Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say.

Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen.

How now, madam!
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar.

No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

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Enter a **Messenger.**

K. Hen.

How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess.

The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen.

O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck.

My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar.

Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

K. Hen.

Lord Say, the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say.

So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second **Messenger.**

Sec. Mess.

My lord, Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck.

Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen.

Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar.

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen.

[*To Lord Say.*] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck.

Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Smithfield.*

***Enter* GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.**

Geo.

Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John.

They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo.

I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John.

So he had need, for ‘tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo.

O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John.

The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo.

Nay, more, the king’s council are no good workmen.

John.

True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore, should we be magistrates.

Geo.

Thou hast hit it; for there’s no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John.

I see them! I see them! There’s Best’s son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo.

He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog’s-leather of.

John.

And Dick the butcher,—

Geo.

Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John.

And Smith the weaver,—

Geo.

Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John.

Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade.

We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick.

[Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade.

Command silence.

Dick.

Silence!

Cade.

My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick.

[Aside.] He was a good bricklayer.

Cade.

My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick.

[Aside.] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade.

My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick.

[Aside.] She was a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Cade.

Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick.

[Aside.] The field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge.

Cade.

Valiant I am.

Smith.

[Aside.] Beggary is valiant.

Cade.

I am able to endure much.

Dick.

[Aside.] I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade.

I fear neither sword nor fire.

Dick.

[Aside.] Being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade.

Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king,—as king I will be,—

All.

God save your majesty!

Cade.

I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick.

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade.

Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the **Clerk of Chatham.**

Smith.

The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade.

O monstrous!

Smith.

We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade.

Here's a villain!

Smith.

'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade.

Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick.

Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade.

I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk.

Emmanuel.

Dick.

They use to write it on the top of letters:—'twill go hard with you.

Cade.

Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk.

Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All.

He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade.

Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich.

Where's our general?

Cade.

Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich.

Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade.

Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich.

No.

Cade.

To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently [Kneels.] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises.] Now have at him!

Enter* SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf.

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf.

But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade.

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf.

Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?

Cade.

And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf.

What of that?

Cade.

Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter.

Staf.

Ay, sir.

Cade.

By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf.

That's false.

Cade.

Ay, there's the question; I say 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick.

Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf.

And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All.

Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf.

Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade.

[Aside.] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick.

And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade.

And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf.

O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade.

Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this, can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All.

No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf.

Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf.

Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—

And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade.

And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would—but that they dare not—take our parts.
So, sirs:—go some and pull down the Savoy;
Some to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick.

I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade.

Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick.

Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Cade.

I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John.

[Aside.] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade.

And henceforward all things shall be in common.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

***Enter* GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.**

Cade.

Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou has hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth dost thou not?

Say.

What of that?

Cade.

Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick.

And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say.

You men of Kent,—

Dick.

Well! What say you of Kent?

Say.

But this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade.

Away with him, away! he speaks Latin.

Say.

Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the *Commentaries* Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,

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But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade.

Take him away, and behead him.

Say.

Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade.

[*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All.

It shall be done.

Say.

Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade.

Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with* SAY. *A parley sounded.*

What noise is this? Dare any be so bold
To sound a parley, when I command them kill?

Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* OLD CLIFFORD*, with Forces.

Buck.

Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

O. Clif.

What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!"

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All.

God save the king! God save the king!

Cade.

What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so prave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, and your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, a curse light upon you all!

All.

We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!

O. Clif.

Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying "Viliaco!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All

A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

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Cade.

[*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you!

[*Exit.*

Buck.

What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Killingworth Castle.*

Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace.

K. Hen.

Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

***Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* OLD CLIFFORD.**

Buck.

Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen.

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of* CADE'S *followers.

O. Clif.

He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen.

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,

And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All.

God save the king! God save the king!

***Enter* a Messenger.**

Mess.

Please it your grace to be advertiséd
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen.

Thus stands my state, ‘twixt Cade and York distress’d;
Like to a ship that, having scap’d a tempest,
Is straightway calm’d, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers’d;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him;
And ask him what’s the reason of these arms.
Tell him I’ll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss’d from him.

Som.

I’ll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen.

In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck.

I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen.

Come, wife, let’s in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Fields near Saint Alban’s. York’s Tent.*

Enter* YORK *attended; his Forces at some distance.

York.

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule.

***Enter* BUCKINGHAM.**

[*Aside.*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck.

York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York.

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck.

A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York.

[*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck.

That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,

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The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York.

Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck.

Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York.

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck.

York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter **KING HENRY,** ***attended.***

K. Hen.

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us?

York.

In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen.

Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York.

To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

K. Hen.

See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

***Enter* QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.**

Q. Mar.

For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York.

How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som.

O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York.

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit an Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar.

Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

York.

O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar.

And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

***Enter, on one side,* EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET*; on the other,* OLD CLIFFORD *and his* SON.**

O. Clif.

Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York.

I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

O. Clif.

This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen.

Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

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O. Clif.

He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar.

He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York.

Will you not, sons?

Edw.

Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich.

And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

O. Clif.

Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York.

Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. [*Exit an Attendant.*

***Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.**

O. Clif.

Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich.

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

O. Clif.

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York.

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

O. Clif.

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen.

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And stain thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal.

My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal.

I have.

K. Hen.

Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen.

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York.

Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

O. Clif.

The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War.

You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

O. Clif.

I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War.

Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

O. Clif.

And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif.

And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Saint Alban's.*

***Alarums: excursions. Enter* WARWICK.**

War.

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

***Enter* YORK.**

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York.

The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

***Enter* OLD CLIFFORD.**

War.
Of one or both of us the time is come.
York.
Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War.
Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
O. Clif.
What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York.
With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
O. Clif.
Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York.
So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
O. Clif.
My soul and body on the action both!
York.
A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* O. CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*]
York.
Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

***Enter* YOUNG CLIFFORD.**

Y. Clif.

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his father's body.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.— [*Exit.*

Alarums: retreat. Enter* YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York.

Old Salisbury, who can report of him,—

That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

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Rich.

My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him:
And, noble as he is, look where he comes.

***Enter* SALISBURY.**

Sal.

Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I—thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York.

I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War.

After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, ‘twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban’s battle, won by famous York,
Shall be etérniz’d in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets; and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*London. The Parliament-house.*

Enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.

War.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry’s heirs’.

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York.
Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

War.
We’ll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York.
Thanks, gentle Warwick:—stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War.
And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [*The Soldiers retire.*

York.
The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich.

Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War.

The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York.

Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War.

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne.*

Flourish. Enter **KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, EXETER*, and others.***

K. Hen.

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means—
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer—
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, Lord Clifford; you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North.

If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif.

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

North.

What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen.

Be patient, earl.

Clif.

Patience is for poltroons:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

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My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North.

Well hast thou spoken, cousin be it so.

K. Hen.

Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe.

But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen.

Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York.

Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'm thine.

Exe.

For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.

York.

'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe.

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War.

Exeter, thou’rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif.

Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War.

True, Clifford; and that’s Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen.

What! shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York.

It must and shall be so: content thyself.

War.

Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

North.

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster.

York.

Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen.

What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandsire, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz’d upon their towns and provinces.

War.

Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen.

The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown’d I was but nine months old.
Think’st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War.

But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen.

Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York.

'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen.

[*Aside.*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—
May not a king adopt an heir?

York.

What then?

K. Hen.

An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York.

He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War.

Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe.

No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen.

Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe.

His is the right, and therefore pardon me:
My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen.

[*Aside.*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

York.

Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

North.

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War.

Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North.

Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif.

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father?

K. Hen.

O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York.

Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War.

Do right unto this princely Duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with arméd men,

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And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

K. Hen.

My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

York.

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen.

I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif.

What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War.

What good is this to England and himself!

North.

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif.

How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

North.

I cannot stay to hear these articles.

Clif.

Nor I. Come, let us tell the queen these news.
Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North.

Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!

Clif.

In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and* CLIFFORD.

War.

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe.

They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen.

Ah, Exeter!

War.

Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen.

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York.

This willingly I take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*

War.

Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen.

And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York.

Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

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Exe.

Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*The Lords come forward.*

York.

Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War.

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK,
Soldiers, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen.

And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Exe.

Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.
[*Going.*

K. Hen.

So, Exeter, will I.

[*Going.*

***Enter* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE *of* WALES.**

Q. Mar.

Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen.

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar.

Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince.

Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen.

Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar.

Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environéd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

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The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen.

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar.

Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee
gone.

K. Hen.

Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar.

Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince.

When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar.

Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. Hen.

Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingéd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those two lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe.

And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.*

***Enter* EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* RUTLAND.**

Rich.

Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw.

No, I can better play the orator.

Rut.

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

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***Enter* YORK.**

York.

How now, sons! at a strife? What is your quarrel?

Edw.

No quarrel, but a contention.

York.

About what?

Rich.

About that which concerns your grace and us,—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York.

Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich.

Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw.

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
Leaving the house of Lancaster to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York.

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw.

But, for a kingdom, may an oath be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich.

No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York.

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich.

I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York.

Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich.

An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York.

Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Edward, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—

***Enter a* Messenger.**

But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess.

The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to beseige you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York.

Ay, with my sword.

Edw.

We'll meet her in the field.

York.

What, with five thousand men?

Rich.

Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw.

I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York.

Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Edward, of our victory.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

***Alarums. Enter* YORK.**

York.

The army of the queen hath got the field:
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starvéd wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'g again but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*Alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:

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The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.

York

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North.

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif.

Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

York.

My ashes, as the phœnix', may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif.

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York.

O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif.

I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one
[*Draws.*

Q. Mar.

Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—

Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North.

Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK *who struggles.*

Clif.

Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North.

So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York.

So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North.

What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar.

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
[CLIFFORD *gives her a napkin.*
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head.

Clif.

That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar.

Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York.

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough for thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse' to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou obdurate, stern, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;

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Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North.

Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*Giving back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[*Giving back the crown.*
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North.

Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar.

What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif.

Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death,
And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar.

Off with his head, and set it on York gates.

[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LOUIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
EDWARD, *Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.*
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence.*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster.*
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD HASTINGS.
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
Mayor of York.
Two Keepers.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.
QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Before York.*

Flourish. Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.

Q. Mar.

Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen.

Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire:
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away"?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen.

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York!

would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar.

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen.

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince.

My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif.

Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif.

I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar.

Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen.

Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North.

Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince.

My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

March. Enter **EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, MONTAGUE*, and Soldiers.***

Edw.

Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar.

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw.

I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif.

And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich.

Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif.

Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif.

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich.

War.

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar.

Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War.

Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif.

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War.

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North.

No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich.

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif.

I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich.

Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen.

Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar.

Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen.

I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif.

My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich.

Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw.

Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War.

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince.

If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

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Rich.

Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar.

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich.

Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw.

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Q. Mar.

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar.

Stay.

Edw.

Wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Towton in Yorkshire.*

***Alarums: excursions. Enter* WARWICK.**

War.

Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter* EDWARD, *running.

Edw.

Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War.

How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

***Enter* GEORGE.**

Geo.

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw.

Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

***Enter* RICHARD.**

Rich.

Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.

War.

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw.

O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

War.

Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Two soldiers lying dead. Alarums. Enter **KING HENRY.**

K. Hen.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

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What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conqueréd:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I cóntemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

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Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchéd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarums. ***Enter a*** **Lancastrian Son,** ***who searches one of the dead bodies.***

Son.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possesséd with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavéd him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen.

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a **Yorkist Father,** *who searches the other dead body.*

Fath.

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen.

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son.

How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath.

How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen.

How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son.

Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath.

Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen.

Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son.

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath.

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen.

Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. ***Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.**

Prince.

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chaféd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar.

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe.

Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. ***Enter*** **CLIFFORD,** ***wounded.***

Clif.

Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shine now but Henry's enemies?
O, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
[*Faints.*

Alarum and retreat. ***Enter*** **EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,** ***and Soldiers.***

Edw.
Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War.
No, ‘tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark’d him for the grave:
And wheresoe’er he is, he’s surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw.
Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich.
A deadly groan, like life and death’s departing.

Edw.
See who it is: and, now the battle’s ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us’d.

Rich.
Revoke that doom of mercy, for ‘tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp’d the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring.

War.
From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father’s head which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let his supply the room:

Measure for measure must be answeréd.

Edw.

Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*

War.

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich.

O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:

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'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

War.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich.

Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Geo.

They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich.

What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
I'ld chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanchéd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War.

Ay, but he's dead; off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownéd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw.

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich.

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War.

Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two* Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep.

Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep.

I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep.

That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep.

Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter* KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen.

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them and not myself?

First Keep.

Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen.

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep.

Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep.

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

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K. Hen.

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep.

Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen.

More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep.

Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen.

Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.

Sec. Keep.

But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep.

Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen.

But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep.

No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen.

Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep.

Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen.

I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep.

No; we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen.

Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

First Keep.

We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen.

So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep.

We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen.

In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.**

K. Edw.

Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,

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His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo.

Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw.

It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar.

[*Aside to* GLO.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] Silence!

K. Edw.

Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey.

Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May't please your highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo.

[*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

K. Edw.

How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

L. Grey.

Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo.

[*Aside.*] You shall have four.

K. Edw.

'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey.

Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.

K. Edw.

Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *retire.*

K. Edw.

Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey.

Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw.

And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey.

To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw.

Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey.

Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw.

I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey.

So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw.

What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey.

What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw.

But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey.

No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw.

Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

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L. Grey.

Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

L. Grey.

Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw.

An easy task; ‘tis but to love a king.

L. Grey.

That’s soon perform’d, because I am a subject.

K. Edw.

Why, then, thy husband’s lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey.

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] The match is made; she seals it with a curt’sy.

K. Edw.

But stay thee, ‘tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey.

The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw.

Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think’st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey.

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw.

No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey.

Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw.

But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey.

My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw.

Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey.

Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw.

Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey.

Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

K. Edw.

Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;
No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand.

L. Grey.

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar.

[Aside to GLO.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw.

[Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey.

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw.

Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey.

And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw.

You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey.

'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw.

No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo.

[*Aside to* CLAR.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

K. Edw.

Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo.

The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw.

You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar.

To whom, my lord?

K. Edw.

Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo.

That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar.

That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo.

By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw.

Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

***Enter a* Nobleman.**

Nob.

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw.

See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt all except* GLOSTER.

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Glo.

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*France. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. ***Enter*** **LOUIS** ***the French king, and*** **LADY BONA,** ***attended; the*** **KING** ***takes his state. Then enter*** **QUEEN**

MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lou.

[*Rising.*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

Q. Mar.

No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,

Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.

K. Lou.

Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar.

From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou.

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar.

Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou.

Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar.

The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou.

The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar.

O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter* WARWICK, *attended.

K. Lou.

What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar.

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou.

Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET *rises.*

Q. Mar.

[*Aside.*] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War.

From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignéd love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar.

[*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War.

[*To* BONA.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar.

King Louis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,

Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War.

Injurious Margaret!

Prince.

And why not queen?

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War.

Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf.

Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conqueréd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War.

Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

K. Lou.

Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Lord Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar.

Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lou.

Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War.

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lou.

But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War.

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lou.

Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War.

Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lou.

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona.

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

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[*To* WAR.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou.

Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.

Prince.

To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar.

Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

K. Lou.

And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promiséd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War.

Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar.

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lou.

Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

[*To* WAR.] My lord ambassador, these letters are Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

[*To Louis.*] These from our king unto your majesty:—

[*To Margaret.*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf.

I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince.

Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou.

Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar.

Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War.

Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou.

What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar.

I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War.

King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—

No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar.

Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War.

So much his friend, ay, his unfeignéd friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

War.

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona.

Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
But by thy help to this distresséd queen?

Q. Mar.

Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona.

My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War.

And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lou.

And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar.

Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou.

Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past,—go fear thy king withal.

Bona.

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar.

Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War.

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: be gone.

[*Exit Mess.*

K. Lou.

But, Warwick,
Thou, and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War.

This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar.

Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

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Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince.

Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*Gives his hand to* WARWICK.]

K. Lou.

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied;
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter **GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,** *and* **MONTAGUE.**

Glo.

Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar.

Alas, you know ‘tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som.

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glo.

And his well-chosen bride.

Clar.

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter **KING EDWARD,** *attended;* **LADY GREY,** *as Queen;* **PEMBROKE, STAFFORD,** *and* **HASTINGS.**

K. Edw.

Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar.

As well as Louis of France or th’ Earl of Warwick;

Clar.

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they’ll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw.

Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick’s, and must have my will.

Glo.

Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw.

Yea, Richard, are you offended too?

Glo.

Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw.

Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar.

Then this is mine opinion,—that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo.

And, Warwick doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonouréd by this new marriage.

K. Edw.

What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont.

Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast.

Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont.

Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast.

'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar.

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw.

Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant.

Glo.

And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

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She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar.

Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son.

K. Edw.

Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar.

In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment.
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw.

Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz.

My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw.

My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo.

[*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

K. Edw.

Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess.

My liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw.

We pardon thee: in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess.

At my depart, these were his very words:

"Go tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw.

Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess.

These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake."

K. Edw.

I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess.

"Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning-weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw.

Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess.

He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw.

Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess.

Ay, gracious sovereign; they're so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar.

Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE*, and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo.

[*Aside.*] My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw.

Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

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Go levy men, and make prepare for war:
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[Exeunt PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont.

So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast.

And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw.

Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo.

Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw.

Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter* WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with Forces.

War.

I went from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

Ox.

Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

***Enter* CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.**

War.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar.

Fear not that, my lord. We are foes to Edward.

War.

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignéd friend to our proceedings:
Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[They all cry, "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Edward's Camp, near Warwick. Night.*

Enter certain* Watchmen, *before the* KING'S *Tent.

First Watch.

Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch.

What, will he not to bed?

First Watch.

Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch.

To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

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Third Watch.

But say I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch.

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

Third Watch.

O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

Second Watch.

'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

Third Watch.

Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

First Watch.

Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

Second Watch.

Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.

War.

This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch.

Who goes there?

Second Watch.

Stay, or thou diest!

WARWICK ***and the rest cry,*** **"Warwick!"** ***and set upon the Guard, who fly;*** **WARWICK** ***and the rest following them. Re-enter*** **WARWICK** ***and the rest, bringing the*** **KING.**

Som.

Ho! What are they that fly there?

War.

Here's the duke.

K. Edw.

The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War.

Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.

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Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw.

Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War.

Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit, led out; SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf.

What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War.

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, YOUNG RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *and Attendants.

K. Hen.

Now, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blesséd land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War.

Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar.

No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War.

And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen.

Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War.

What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

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Clar.

That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War.

Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

K. Hen.

But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar.

It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen.

My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som.

My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen.

Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

War.
What news, my friend?
Mess.
That Edward is escapéd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War.
Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Mess.
He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

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War.
My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all except* SOMERSET, RICHMOND*, and* OXFORD.
Som.
My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf.

Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som.

It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

Enter in haste **WARWICK, CLARENCE*, and* MONTAGUE.**

War.

What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf.

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War.

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin’d to hear what thou command’st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov’d,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

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Shall rest in London till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Clar.

Farewell, sweet lords: let’s meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Flourish. ***Enter*** **KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.***

K. Edw.

Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanéd state for Henry’s regal crown.
Well have we pass’d and now repass’d the seas,
And brought desiréd help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv’d
From Ravenspurg before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo.

The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw.

Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us;
By fair or foul means we must enter in,

For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast.

My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the* Mayor of York*, and Aldermen.

May.

My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw.

But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May.

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw.

Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo.

[*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast.

Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

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May.

Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*

Glo.

A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast.

The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the* Mayor *and Aldermen, below.

K. Edw.

So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter* MONTGOMERY *and Forces, marching.

Glo.

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw.

Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont.

To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw.

Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont.

Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*

K. Edw.

Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont.

What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo.

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw.

When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

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Hast.

Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw.

Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont.

Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast.

Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper.* *Flourish.*

Sold.

[*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, King, by the grace of God,
Of England and of France, and lord of Ireland."

Mont.

And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All.

Long live Edward the Fourth! Long live the King!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING HENRY *and* EXETER.**

K. Hen.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe.

The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen.

That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

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And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within,* "A York! A York!"

Exe.

Hark, bark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.

K. Edw.

Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo.

Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet. Warwick's Camp.*

WARWICK *lies wounded.* ***Alarums.*** ***Enter* CLARENCE.**

Clar.

Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, whereso'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee.

War.

O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
[*Exit Clarence. Alarums.*
Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands

Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter **OXFORD** *and* **SOMERSET.**

Som.

Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

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War.

Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealéd blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som.

Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War.

Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save your-
selves;
Warwick bids all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf.

Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

Retreat sounded. Shouts of victory. Enter* KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.

K. Edw.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar.

A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo.

The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

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K. Edw.

We are advértis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum; cry, “Courage!” and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Plains near Tewksbury. The Queen’s Tent.*

Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.

Q. Mar.

Great lords, wise men ne’er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow’d in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is’t meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav’d?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter’d friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow’d the skilful pilot’s charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?

Q. Mar.

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim,—alas, ‘tis but awhile!
Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that’s a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there’s no hop’d-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
’Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince.

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him naked foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som.

And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock’d and wonder’d at.

Q. Mar.

Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince.

And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf.

I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som.

But he’s deceiv’d; we are in readiness.

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Q. Mar.

This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp’d,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell’d, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God’s name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Field of Battle.*

Alarums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter

KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; With* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw.

Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf.

For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som.

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

Q. Mar.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw.

Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo.

It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

***Enter Soldiers, with* PRINCE EDWARD.**

K. Edw.

Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince.

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar.

Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo.

That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince.

Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo.

By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar.

Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo.

For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince.

Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw.

Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar.

Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince.

I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjur'd George,—
And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as yę are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw.

Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Strikes him.*

Glo.

Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*

Clar.

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar.

O, kill me, kill me too!

Glo.

Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw.

Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo.

Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw.

What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Q. Mar.

O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child,—
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw.

Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar.

Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar.

By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar.

Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar.

Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar.

Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?—murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw.

Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar.

So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exeunt.*

KING EDWARD IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

LORD HOWARD.
SIR THOMAS SELLINGER.
LORD SCALES.
MARQUIS OF DORSET.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
SIR HUMPHREY BOWES, *Justice*
ASTON, *Justice*
Lord Mayor of London.

SHORE, *an Alderman.*
EMERSLEY, *brother to Jane Shore.*
HOBS, *the Tanner of Tamworth.*
DUDGEON, *his man.*
GOODFELLOW, *Countrymen*
HADLAND, *Countrymen*
GRUDGEN, *Countrymen*
CAPTAIN STRANGUIDGE.
JOCKY, *Jane Shore's man.*
VAUX, *Keeper of the Marshalsea.*
THE QUEEN.
THE DUCHESS OF YORK.
JANE SHORE.
MRS. BLAGUE.
NELL, *daughter to Hobs.*

FRENCH.
KING LOUIS XI.
BOURBON.
ST. PIERRE.
MUGEROUN.
CHARLES, *Duke of Burgundy.*
COUNT ST. PAUL, *Constable of France.*
LORD OF CONTÉ.

KING EDWARD IV.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Country. Drayton Basset.*

Enter* HOBS, *the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs.

Dudgeon! dost thou hear? look well to Brock, my mare. Drive Dun and her, fair and softly down the hill; and take heed the thorns tear not the horns of my cowhides, as thou goest near the hedges. Ha, what sayest thou, knave? Is the bull's hide down? why, lay it up again; what care I? I'll meet thee at the style, and help to set all strait. And yet, God help! it's a crooked world, and an unthrifty; for some, that have ne'er a shoe, had rather go barefoot than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new; for they have time enough to mend all, they sit so long between the cup and the wall. Well, God amend them! God amend them! Let me see, by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I have taken, what I have spent, what I have gained, what I have lost, and what I have laid out. My taking is more than my spending, for here's store left. I have spent but a groat; a penny for my two jades, a penny to the poor, a penny pot of ale, and a penny cake for my man and me, a dicker of cowhides cost me.

Enter the* QUEEN and DUCHESS *with their riding rods, unpinning their masks; and two Huntsmen.

'Snails, who comes here? Mistress Ferris, or Mistress What call ye her? Put up, John Hobs: money tempts beauty.

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Duch.

Well met, good fellow: saw'st thou not the hart?

Hobs.

My heart? God bless me from seeing my heart.

Duch.

Thy heart? the deer, man; we demand the deer.

Hobs.

Do you demand what's dear? Marry, corn and cowhides. Mass, a good snug lass, well like my daughter Nell. I had rather than a bend of leather she and I might smouch together.

Duch.

Cam’st thou not down the wood?

Hobs.

Yes, mistress; that I did.

Duch.

And sawest thou not the deer imbost?

Hobs.

By my hood, ye make me laugh. What the dickens? is it love that makes ye prate to me so fondly? By my father’s soul, I would I had job’d faces with you.

Hunts.

Why, how now, Hobs? so saucy with the duchess and the queen?

Hobs.

Much queen, I trow! these be but women; and one of them is like my wench. I would she had her rags. I would give a load of hair and horns, and a fat of leather, to match her to some justice, by the meg-holly.

Hunts.

Be silent, Tanner, and ask pardon of the queen.

Hobs.

And ye be the queen, I cry ye mercy, good Mistress Queen.

Queen.

No fault, my friend. Madam, let’s take our bows, and in the standing seek to get a shoot.

Duch.

Come, bend our bows, and bring the herd of deer.

[Exeunt.

Hobs.

God send ye good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh! See, if all gentlewomen be not alike when their black faces be on! I took the queen, as I am a true tanner, for Mistress Ferris.

Enter **SELLINGER and HOWARD (*in green*).**

Soft, who comes here? more knaves yet?

Sel.

Ho, good fellow! sawest thou not the king?

Hobs.

No, good fellow! I saw no king. Which king dost thou ask for?

How.

Why, King Edward. What king is there else?

Hobs.

There's another king, and ye could hit on him; one Harry, one Harry; and, by our Lady, they say he's the honester man of the two.

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Sel.

Sirrah, beware you speak not treason.

Hobs.

What, if I do?

Sel.

Then shalt thou be hanged.

Hobs.

A dog's death: I'll not meddle with it; for, by my troth, I know not when I speak treason, when I do not. There's such halting betwixt two kings, that a man cannot go upright, but he shall offend t'one of them. I would God had them both, for me.

How.

Well, thou sawest not the king.

Hobs.

No; is he in the country?

How.

He's hunting here, at Drayton Basset.

Hobs.

The devil he is? God bless his mastership! I saw a woman here, that they said was the queen. She's as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as ever I see.

Sel.

Farewell, fellow; speak well of the king. [Exeunt.

Hobs.

(*Solus.*) God make him an honest man! I hope that's well spoken; for, by the mouse-foot, some give him hard words, whether

he ‘zerves ‘em not. Let him look to that. I’ll meddle of my cowhide, and let the world slide.

Enter the* KING, *disguised.

The devil in a dung-cart! How these roysters swarm in the country, now the king is so near! God ‘liver me from this; for this looks like a thief; but a man cannot tell amongst these courtnols who’s true.

King.

Holla, my friend! good fellow, prithee, stay.

Hobs.

No such matter. I have more haste of my way.

King.

If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hobs.

My purse, thou meanest. I am no good fellow; and I pray God thou beest not one.

King.

Why? dost thou not love a good fellow?

Hobs.

No: good fellows be thieves.

King.

Dost thou think I am one?

Hobs.

Thought is free; and thou art not my ghostly father.

King.

I mean thee no harm.

Hobs.

Who knows that but thyself? I pray God he spy not my purse.

King.

On my troth, I mean thee none.

Hobs.

Upon thy oath, I’ll stay. Now, what sayest thou

to me? speak quickly; for my company stays for me beneath, at the next style.

King.

The king is hunting hereabouts. Didst thou see his majesty?

Hobs.

His majesty? what's that? his horse or his mare?

King.

Tush! I mean his grace?

Hobs.

Grace, quotha? pray God he have any! Which king dost thou 'quire for?

King.

Why, for King Edward. Knowest thou any more kings than one?

Hobs.

I know not so many; for I tell thee I know none. Marry, I hear of King Edward.

King.

Didst thou see his highness.

Hobs.

By my holidame, that's the best term thou gavest him yet: he's high enough; but he has put poor King Harry low enough.

King.

How low hath he put him?

Hobs.

Nay, I cannot tell; but he has put him down, for he has got the crown; much good do't him with it.

King.

Amen. I like thy talk so well, I would I knew thy name.

Hobs.

Dost thou not know me?

King.

No.

Hobs.

Then thou knowest nobody. Didst never hear of John Hobs, the tanner of Tamworth?

King.

Not till now, I promise thee; but now I like thee well.

Hobs.

So do not I thee. I fear thou art some outrider, that lives by taking of purses here, on Basset's Heath. But I fear thee not, for I have wared all my money in cowhides at Coleshill Market, and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill-foot.

King.

Is that thy gray mare that's tied at the style, with the hides on her back?

Hobs.

That's Brock, my mare; and there's Dun, my nag, and Dudgeon, my man.

King.

There's neither man nor horse; but only one mare.

Hobs.

What the dickens! has the knave served me so? Farewell! I may lose hides, horns, and mare and all, by prating with thee.

King.

Tarry, man, tarry! they'll sooner take my gelding than thy gray mare; for I have tied mine by her.

Hobs.

That will I see, afore I'll take your word.

King.

I'll bear thee company.

Hobs.

I had as lieve go alone.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter the two *Huntsmen*, with the bows.

First Hunts.

Now, on my troth, the queen shoots passing well.

Sec. Hunts.

So did the duchess, when she was as young.

First Hunts.

Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide and short.

Sec. Hunts.

What have they given us?

First Hunts.

Six rose-nobles just.

Sec. Hunts.

The queen gave four.

First Hunts.

True; and the duchess twain.

Sec. Hunts.

Oh, were we ever so paid for our pain!

First Hunts.

Tut! had the king come, as they said he would,
He would have rain'd upon us show'rs of gold.

Sec. Hunts.

Why, he is hunting somewhere hereabout.
Let's first go drink and then go seek him out.

[*Exeunt.*

***Re-enter the* KING *and* HOBS.**

King.

Hay say'st thou, tanner? wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs.

Courser, call'st thou him? So ill mought I fare, thy skittish jade will never abide to carry my leather, my horns, nor hide. But, if I were so mad to scorce, what boot would'st thou give me?

King.

Nay, boot that's boot worthy. I look for boot of thee.

Hobs.

Ha, ha! a merry jig. Why, man, Brock, my mare, knows ha and ree, and will stand when I cry ho, and let me get up and down, and make water when I do.

King.

I'll give thee a noble, if I like her pace. Lay thy cowhides on my saddle, and let's jog towards Drayton.

Hobs.

'Tis out of my way; but I begin to like thee well.

King.

Thou wilt like me better before we do part.

I prithee tell me, what say they of the king.

Hobs.

Of the kings, thou meanest. Art thou no blab, if I tell thee?

King.

If the king know't not now, he shall never know it for me.

Hobs.

Mass, they say King Harry's a very advowtry man.

King.

A devout man? And what King Edward?

Hobs.

He's a frank franion, a merry companion, and loves a wench well. They say he has married a poor widow, because she's fair.

King.

Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hobs.

No; by my feckins, but the better; for, though I be a plain tanner, I love a fair lass myself.

King.

Prithee tell me, how love they King Edward?

Hobs.

Faith, as poor folks love holidays, glad to have them now and then; but to have them come too often will undo them. So, to see the king now and then 'tis comfort; but every day would beggar us; and I may say to thee, we fear we shall be troubled to lend him money; for we doubt he's but needy.

King.

Wouldst thou lend him no money, if he should need?

Hobs.

By my halidome, yes. He shall have half my store; and I'll sell sole leather to help him to more.

King.

Faith, whether thou lovest better Harry or Edward?

Hobs.

Nay, that's counsel, and two may keep it, if one be away.

King.

Shall I say my conscience? I think Harry is the true king.

Hobs.

Art advised of that? Harry's of the old house of Lancaster; and that progenity do I love.

King.

And thou dost not hate the house of York?

Hobs.

Why, no; for I am just akin to Sutton Windmill; I can grind which way soe'er the wind blow. If it be Harry, I can say, "Well fare, Lancaster." If it be Edward, I can sing, "York York, for my money."

King.

Thou art of my mind; but I say Harry is the lawful king. Edward is but an usurper, and a fool, and a coward.

Hobs.

Nay, there thou liest. He has wit enough and courage enough. Dost thou not speak treason?

King.

Ay, but I know to whom I speak it.

Hobs.

Dost thou? Well, if I were constable, I should be forsworn, if I set thee not in the stocks for it.

King.

Well, let it go no further; for I did serve King Harry, and I love him best, though now I serve King Edward.

Hobs.

Thou art the arranter knave to speak ill of thy master. But, sirrah, what's thy name? what office hast thou? and what will the king do for thee?

King.

My name is Ned. I am the king's butler; and he will do more for me than for any nobleman in the court.

Hobs.

The devil he will? he's the more fool; and so I'll tell him, if e'er I see him; and I would I might see him in my poor house at Tamworth.

King.

Go with me to the Court, and I'll bring thee to the king; and what suit oe'er thou have to him, I'll warrant thee to speed.

Hobs.

I ha' nothing to do at Court. I'll home with my cowhides; and if the king will come to me, he shall be welcome.

King.

Hast thou no suit touching thy trade, to transport hides or sell leather only in a certain circuit; or about bark, or such like, to have letters patent?

Hobs.

By the mass and the matins, I like not those patents. Faith, 'tis pity that one subject should have in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

King.

Say'st thou me so, tanner? Well, let's cast lots whether thou shalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to Tamworth.

Hobs.

Lot me no lotting. I'll not go with thee. If thou wilt go with me, 'cause th'art my liege's man (and yet I think he has many honester), thou shalt be welcome to John Hobs; thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a posset upon thee, when thou goest to bed.

King.

Here's my hand. I'll but go and see the king served, and I'll be at home as soon as thyself.

Hobs.

Dost thou hear me, Ned? If I shall be thy host,
Make haste thou art best, for fear thou kiss the post.

[*Exit* HOBS.

King.

Farewell, John Hobs, the honest true tanner!
I see plain men, by observation
Of things that alter in the change of times,

Do gather knowledge; and the meanest life
Proportion'd with content sufficiency,
Is merrier than the mighty state of kings.

***Enter* HOWARD *and* SELLINGER.**

How now? what news bring ye, sirs? Where's the queen?

How.

Her highness and your mother, my dread lord,
Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Where they intend to feast and lodge this night;
And do expect your grace's presence there.

King.

Tom Sellinger and I have other business,
Astray from you and all my other train.
I met a tanner, such a merry mate,
So frolick and so full of good conceit,
That I have given my word to be his guest,
Because he knows me not to be the king.
Good cousin Howard, grudge not at the jest,
But greet my mother and my wife from me;
Bid them be merry: I must have my humour;
Let them both sup and sleep when they see time.

Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes:
Tell him at breakfast I will visit him.
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast
With Hobs the tanner: there plain Ned and Tom;
No king nor Sellinger for a thousand pound.

***Enter a Messenger, with letters, and, kneeling, gives them to the* KING.**

How.
The queen and duchess will be discontent,
Because his highness comes not to the feast.
Sel.
Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceit;
But what's the end? the king will have his pleasure.
King.
Good news, my boys! Harry the Sixth is dead.
Peruse that letter. Sirrah, drink you that.
[*Gives the Messenger his purse.*
And stay not; but post back again for life,
And thank my brother Gloster for his news:
Commend me to him; I'll see him to-morrow night.
How like ye it, sirs?
[*Exit Messenger.*

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Sel.
Oh, passing well, my liege;
You may be merry for these happy news.
King.
The merrier with our host the tanner, Tom.
My lord, take you that letter to the ladies;
Bid them be merry with that second course;
And if we see them not before we go,
Pray them to journey easily after us;

We'll post to London: so good night, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Tamworth. The Tanner's House.*

***Enter* HOBS *and his daughter* NELL.**

Hobs.

Come, Nell! come, daughter. Is your hands and your face washed?

Nell.

Ay, forsooth, father.

Hobs.

Ye must be cleanly, I tell ye; for there comes a courtnol hither to-night, the king's mastership's butler, Ned, a spruce youth; but beware ye be not in love nor overtaken by him, for courtiers be slippery lads.

Nell.

No, forsooth, father.

Hobs.

God's blessing on thee! That half-year's schooling at Litchfield was better to thee than house and land. It has put such manners into thee—"Ay, forsooth," and "No, forsooth," at every word. Ye have a clean smock on. I like your apparel well. Is supper ready?

Nell.

Ay, forsooth, father.

Hobs.

Have we a good barléy bag-pudding, a piece of fat bacon, a good cow-heel, a hard cheese, and a brown loaf?

Nell.

All this, forsooth, and more. Ye shall have a posset; but indeed the rats have spoiled your hard cheese.

Hobs.

Now, the devil choke them! So they have eat me a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon.

[*Within.*] What, master, master!

Hobs.

How now, knave? what say'st thou, Dudgeon?

Dud.

Here's guests come. Where's Helen?

Hobs.

What guests be they?

Dud.

A courtnol; one Ned, the king's butcher, he says, and his friend too.

Hobs.

Ned, the king's butcher? Ha, ha! the king's butler. Take their horses and walk them, and bid them come near house. Nell, lay the cloth, and clap supper o' th' board.

[*Exit* NELL.

***Enter* KING EDWARD *and* SELLINGER.**

Mass, here's Ned, indeed, and another misproud ruffian. Welcome, Ned! I like thy honesty; thou keepest promise.

King.

I'faith, honest tanner, I'll ever keep promise with thee. Prithee, bid my friend welcome.

Hobs.

By my troth, ye are both welcome to Tamworth. Friend, I know not your name.

Sel.

My name is Tom Twist.

Hobs.

Believe, ye that list. But ye are welcome both; and I like ye both well but for one thing.

Sel.

What's that?

Hobs.

Nay, that I keep to myself; for I sigh to see and think that pride brings many one to extruction.

King.

Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

Hobs.

Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay rags. 'Tis not your bare wages and thin fees ye have of the king can keep ye thus fine; but either ye must rob the king privily, or his subjects openly, to maintain your probicality.

Sel.

Think'st thou so, tanner?

Hobs.

'Tis no matter what I think. Come, let's go to supper. What Nell! What Dudgeon! Where be these folks?

Enter* NELL *and* DUDGEON, *with a table covered.

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nell.

Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say.

Sel.

I thank ye, fair maid.

[*Both kiss her.*

King.

A pretty wench, by my fay!

Hobs.

How likest her, Ned?

King.

I like her so well, I would ye would make me your son-in-law.

Hobs.

And I like thee so well, Ned, that, hadst thou an occupation (for service is no heritage; a young courtier, an old beggar), I could find in my heart to cast her away upon thee; and if thou wilt forsake the Court and turn tanner, or bind thyself to a shoemaker in Litchfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles ready money with my Nell, and trust thee with a dicker of leather to set up thy trade.

Sel.

Ned, he offers ye fair, if ye have the grace to take it.

King.

He does, indeed, Tom: and hereafter I'll tell him more.

Hobs.

Come, sit down to supper: go to, Nell: no more sheep's eyes: ye may be caught, I tell ye these be liquorish lads.

Nell.

I warrant ye, father yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and t'other may serve; but Ned's a pearl in mine eye.

Hobs.

Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows. We'll have a three-men song, to make our guests merry.

[*Exit* NELL.

Nails, what courtnols are ye? ye'll neither talk nor eat. What news at the Court? Do somewhat for your meat.

King.

Heavy news there: King Henry is dead.

Hobs.

That's light news and merry for your master, King Edward.

King.

But how will the Commons take it?

Hobs.

Well, God be with good King Henry!

Faith, the Commons will take it as a common thing.

Death's an honest man; for he spares not the king.

For as one comes, another's ta'en away;

And seldom comes the better, that's all we say.

Sel.

Shrewdly spoken, tanner, by my fay!

Hobs.

Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetstone's ale; I may drink to my friends and drive down my tale. Here, Ned and Tom, I drink to ye;

and yet, if I come to the Court, I doubt you'll not know me.

King.

Yes, Tom shall be my surety, tanner; I will know thee.

Sel.

If thou dost not, Ned, by my troth, I beshrew thee.

King.

I drink to my wife that may be.

Sel.

Faith, Ned, thou mayest live to make her a lady.

King.

Tush; her father offers nothing, having no more children but her.

Hobs.

I would I had not, condition she had all. But I have a knave to my son; I remember him by you; even

---

such an unthrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay clothes and new fashions; and no work will down with him, that I fear he'll be hanged. God bless you from a better fortune! yet you wear such filthy breeks. Lord, were not this a good fashion? yes, and would save many a fair penny.

King.

Let that pass, and let us hear your song.

Hobs.

Agreed, agreed! Come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa! Say, Dudgeon.

Here they sing the three-man's Song.

Agincourt, Agincourt! know ye not Agincourt?
Where the English slew and hurt
All the French foemen?
With our Guns and Bills brown,
Oh, the French were beat down,
Morris-pikes and Bowmen.

Sel.

Well sung, good fellows! I would the king heard ye!

Hobs.

So should I, faith; I should strain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed. Ye shall have clean sheets, Ned; but they be coarse, good strong hemp, of my daughter's own spinning; and I tell thee, your chamber-pot must be a fair horn, a badge of our occupation; for we buy no bending pewter, nor breaking earth.

King.

No matter, Hobs; we will not go to bed.

Hobs.

What then?

King.

Even what thou wilt; for it is near day.
Gramercies, tanner for our hearty cheer!
If e'er it be thy chance to come to Court,
Enquire for me, Ned, the king's butler,
Or Tom, of the King's chamber, my companion,
And see what welcome we will give thee there.

Hobs.

I have heard of courtiers have said as much as you, and when they have been tried, would not bid their friends drink.

Sel.

We are none such. Let our horses be brought out; for we must away; and so, with thanks, farewell!

Hobs.

Farewell to ye both! Commend me to the king;

---

and tell him I would have been glad to have seen his worship here.

[*Exit*.

King.

Come, Tom, for London! horse, and hence away!

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. The Mayor's House.*

***Enter the* LORD MAYOR.**

Mayor.

The king, my sovereign lord, will come anon,
And nothing is as yet in readiness.
Where are ye, cousin Shore? where's Mistress Shore?
Oh, I am sorry that she stays so long!
See what it is to be a widower,
And lack a lady Mayoress in such need!

***Enter* SHORE *and* JANE SHORE.**

Oh, are ye come? Welcome, good cousin Shore!
But you indeed are welcome, gentle niece!
Needs must you be our lady Mayoress now,
And help us; or else we are sham'd for ever.
Good cousin, still thus am I bold with you.

Shore.

With all my heart, my lord, and thank ye too,
That ye do please to use our homely help.

Mayor.

Why, see how neatly she bestirs herself,
And, in good sooth, makes huswifery to shine!
Ah, had my lady Mayoress liv'd to see
Fair Mistress Shore thus beautify her house,
She would have been not little proud thereof.

Jane.

Well, my lord Mayor, I thank you for that flout:
But let his highness now come when he please,
All things are in a perfect readiness.

[*They bring forth a table, and serve in the banquet.*

Mayor.

The more am I beholding, niece, to you,
That take such pains to save our credit now.

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My servants are so slack, his majesty
Might have been here before we were prepared.
But peace! here comes his highness!

Enter **KING EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER,** ***and Train.***

King.

Now, my lord Mayor, have we not kept our word?
Because we could not stay to dine with you,
At our departure hence, we promiséd,
First food we tasted at our back return
Should be with you; still yielding hearty thanks
To you and all our London citizens,
For the great service which you did perform
Against that bold-fac'd rebel, Falconbridge.

Mayor.

My gracious lord and king, what then we did,
We did account no more than was our duty.
Next thank I God, it likes your majesty
To bless my poor roof with your royal presence.
To me could come no greater happiness.

King.

Thanks, good lord Mayor: but where's my lady Mayoress?
I hope that she will bid us welcome, too.

Mayor.

She would, my liege, and with no little joy,
Had she but liv'd to see this blessed day;
But in her stead this gentlewoman here,
My cousin's wife, that office will supply.
How say you, Mistress Shore?

Jane.

My gracious Lord, on my lord Mayor's behalf,
I do such duty as becometh me,
To bid your highness welcome to his house.
Were welcome's virtue powerful in my word,
The king of England should not doubt thereof.

King.

Nor do I, Mistress Shore. Now, my lord Mayor,
Edward dare boldly swear that he is welcome.
You spake the word well, very well, i' faith:
But Mistress Shore her tongue hath gilded it.
Tell me, cousin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,
Had ever citizen so fair a wife?

How.

Of flesh and blood I never did behold
A woman every way so absolute.

Sel.

Nor I, my liege. Were Sellinger a king,
He could afford Shore's wife to be a queen.

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King.

Why, how now, Tom?—[*Aside.*] Nay, rather, how now, Ned?
What change is this? proud, saucy, roving eye,
What, whisper'st in my brain that she is fair?
I know, I see it: fairer than my queen?
Wilt thou maintain it? What, thou traitor heart,
Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracy?
Down, rebel; back, base, treacherous conceit;
I will not credit thee. My Bess is fair,
And Shore's wife but a blowze, compar'd to her.
Come, let us sit; here will I take my place.
And, my lord Mayor, fill me a bowl of wine,
That I may drink to your elected Mayoress;

And, Master Shore, tell me how you like this?
My lord Mayor makes your wife his Mayoress.

Shore.

So well, my lord, as better cannot be,
All in the honour of your majesty.

[*The Lord Mayor offers wine to the* KING *on his knees.*

King.

Nay, drink to us, Lord Mayor; we'll have it so.
Go to, I say; you are our taster now.
Drink, then, and we will pledge ye.

Mayor.

All health and happiness to my sovereign!

[*Drinks.*

King.

Fill full our cup; and, lady Mayoress,
This full carouse we mean to drink to you;
And you must pledge us too; but yet no more
Than you shall please to answer us withal.

[*Drinks. Then she offers to drink.*

Nay, you must drink to somebody; yea, Tom,
To thee! Well, sirrah, see you do her right.
For Edward would: [*Aside.*] oh, would to God he might!
Yet, idle eye, wilt thou be gadding still?
Keep home, keep home, for fear of further ill.

Enter a* Messenger*, with letters.

Letters, how now? Letters to us! From whom?

Mess.

My liege, this from the Duke of Burgundy,
And this is from the Constable of France.

King.

What news from them? To claim our right in France;

[*Reads.*

And they will both aid us. Yea, will ye so?
But other aid must aid us, ere we go.
[*Seems to read, but glances on* JANE SHORE.
[*Aside.*] A woman's aid, that hath more power than France
To crown us, or to kill us with mischance.
If chaste resolve be to such beauty tied,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied.
Her husband hath deserved well of thee:
Tut! love makes no respect, where'er it be.
Thou wrong'st thy queen: every enforced ill
Must be endur'd, where beauty seeks to kill.
Thou seem'st to read, only to blind their eyes,
Who, knowing it, thy folly would despise.—
[*Starts from table.*
Thanks for my cheer, Lord Mayor! I am not well:
I know not how to take these news—this fit,
I mean, that hath bereft me of all reason.

Mayor.

God shield my sovereign!

King.

I shall be well anon. Nay, nothing.

Jane.

May it please your highness, sit.

King.

Ay, fain with thee. Nay, we must needs be gone.
Howard, convey these letters to our Council;
And bid them give us their advice of them.
Thanks for my cheer, Lord Mayor! farewell to you!
And farewell, mistress Mayoress, I should say!—
[*Aside.*] 'Tis you have caused our parting at this time.—
Farewell, to Master Shore! farewell to all!
We'll meet once more, to make amends for this.
[*Exeunt* KING, HOWARD, *and* SELLINGER.

Mayor.

Oh, God! here to be ill! my house to cause
My sovereign's discontent! O cousin Shore!

Shore.

Content yourself, my lord! Kings have their humours.
The letters did contain somewhat, no doubt,
That did displease him.

Jane.

So, my lord, think I.
But, by God's help, he will be well again.

Mayor.

I hope so, too. Well, cousin, for your pains,
I can but thank ye: chiefly you, fair niece.

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At night, I pray ye, both come sup with me.
How say ye? will ye?

Shore.

Yes, my lord, we will.
So, for this time, we humbly take our leave.

[*Exeunt* SHORE *and* WIFE.

Mayor.

Oh, how the sudden sickness of my liege
Afflicts my soul with many passions!
His highness did intend to be right merry;
And God he knows how it would glad my soul,
If I had seen his highness satisfied
With the poor entertainment of his Mayor,
His humble vassal, whose lands, whose life, and all,
Are, and in duty must be always, his.
Well, God, I trust, will bless his grace's health,
And quickly ease him of his sudden fit.
Take away there, ho! there, rid this place;
And God of heaven bless my sovereign's grace!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Tamworth Green.*

***Enter* SIR HUMPHREY, BOWES *and* ASTON, *two Justices*, HARRY GRUDGEN, ROBERT GOODFELLOW, HADLAND, *and* HOBS.**

Bowes.

Neighbours and friends! the cause that you are called
Concerns the king's most excellent majesty,
Whose right, you know, by his progenitors,
Unto the crown and sovereignty of France,
Is wrongfully detained by the French;
Which to revenge and royally regain,
His highness means to put himself in arms,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlike troops against the enemy.
But for his coffers are unfurnished,
Through civil discord and intestine war,
Whose bleeding scars our eyes may yet behold,
He prays his faithful, loving subjects' help,
To further this his just, great enterprize.

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Hobs.

So the 'feck and meaning, whereby, as it were, of all your long purgation, Sir Humphrey, is no more, in some respect, but the king wants money, and would have some of his commonty.

Bowes.

Tanner, you rightly understand the matter.

Ast.

Note this, withal; where his dread majesty,
Our lawful sovereign and most royal king,
Might have exacted or impos'd a tax,

Or borrow'd greater sums than we can spare,
(For all we have is at his dread command)
He doth not so; but mildly doth entreat
Our kind benevolence, what we will give,
With willing minds, towards this mighty charge,

***Enter* LORD HOWARD.**

Which to receive, his noble counsellor
And kinsman, the Lord Howard, here is come.

How.

Now, good Sir Humphrey Bowes and Master Aston,
Have ye declared the king's most gracious pleasure?

Bowes.

We have, my lord.

How.

His highness will not force
As loan or tribute, but will take your gift
In grateful part, and recompense your love.

Bowes.

To show my love, though money now be scarce,
A hundred pound I'll give his majesty.

How.

'Tis well, Sir Humphrey.

Ast.

I a hundred marks.

How.

Thanks, Master Aston; you both show your love.
Now ask your neighbours what they will bestow.

Bowes.

Come, Master Hadland, your Benevolence.

Had.

Oh, good Sir Humphrey, do not rack my purse.
You know my state: I lately sold my land.

Ast.

Then you have money: let the king have part.

Hobs.

Ay, do, Master Hadland, do. They say ye sold a foul deal of dirty land for fair gold and silver. Let the king have some now, while you have it; for, if ye be forborne a while, all will be spent: for he that cannot keep land, that lies fast, ill have much ado to hold money: ‘tis slippery ware; ‘tis melting ware; ‘tis melting ware.

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How.

Gramercy, Tanner!

Bowes.

Say, what shall we have?

Had.

My forty shillings.

Ast.

Robert Goodfellow,
I know you will be liberal to the king.

Good.

O, Master Aston! be content, I pray ye:
You know my charge; my household very great;
And my housekeeping holds me very bare;
Three score uprising and downlying, sir,
Spends no small store of victuals in a year;
Two brace of greyhounds, twenty couple of hounds;
And then my jades devour a deal of corn;
My Christmas cost; and then my friends that come,
Amounts to charge; I am Robin Goodfellow,
That welcomes all and keeps a frolick house.
I have no money. Pray ye, pardon me.

How.

Here’s a plain tanner can teach you how to thrive.
Keep fewer dogs, and then ye may feed men:
Yet feed no idle men; ‘tis needless charge:
You that on hounds and hunting-mates will spend,

No doubt but something to your king you'll lend.

Good.

My brace of angels: by my troth, that's all.

Hobs.

Mass, and 'tis well the curs have left so much. I thought they would have eaten up thy house and land ere this.

Bowes.

Now, Harry Grudgen.

Grud.

What would you have of me? Money, I have none; and I'll sell no stock.

Here's old polling, subsidy, fifteen, soldiers and to the poor! And you may have your will, you'll soon shut me out a door.

Hobs.

Hear ye, worships! will ye let me answer my neighbour Grudgen? By my halidome, Harry Grudgen! th'art but a grumbling, grudging churl: thou hast two ploughs going, and ne'er a cradle rocking; th'ast a peck of money, go to; turn thee loose; thou'lt go to law with the vicar for a tythe goose, and wilt not spare the king four or five pound.

Grud.

Gep, goodman Tanner, are ye so round? Your prolicateness has brought your son to the gallows almost. You can be frank of another man's cost.

Hobs.

Th'art no honest man, to twit me with my son: he may outlive thee yet, for aught that he has done my son's

---

i'th' gaol: is he the first has been there? And thou wert a man, as th'art a beast, I would have thee by the ears.

[*Weeps.*

How.

Thou wantest nurture, friend, to upbraid a father
With a son's fault. We sit not here for this.

What's thy benevolence towards his majesty?

Hobs.

His benegligence? hang him, he'll not give a penny willingly.

Grud.

I care not much to cast away forty pence.

How.

Out, grudging peasant! base, ill-nurtur'd groom!
Is this the love thou bear'st unto the king?
Gentlemen, take notice of the slave;
And if he fault, let him be soundly plagued.
Now, frolick tanner, what wilt thou afford?

Hobs.

Twenty old angels and a score of hides; if that be too little, take twenty nobles more. While I have it, my king shall spend of my store.

How.

The king shall know thy loving liberal heart.

Hobs.

Shall he, i'faith? I thank ye heartily: but hear ye, gentlemen, you come from the Court?

How.

I do.

Hobs.

Lord, how does the king? and how does Ned, the king's butler, and Tom, of his Chamber? I am sure you know them.

How.

They do very well.

Hobs.

For want of better guests, they were at my house one night.

How.

I know they were.

Hobs.

They promised me a good turn for kissing my daughter Nell; and now I ha' cazion to try them. My son's in Dybell here, in Caperdochy, i' tha gaol, for peeping into another man's purse; and, outstep the king

be miserable, he's like to totter. Can that same Ned, the butler, do any thing with the king?

How.

More than myself, or any other lord.

Hobs.

A halter, he can! by my troth, ye rejounce my heart to hear it.

How.

Come to the Court: I warrant thy son's life:
Ned will save that, and do thee greater good.

Hobs.

I'll wean Brock, my mare's foal, and come up to the king; and it shall go hard but two fat hens for your pains I will bring.

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Bowes.

My lord, this fellow gladly, now will give
Five pounds, so you will pardon his rude speech.

How.

For five and five I cannot brook the beast.

Grud.

What gives the tanner? I am as able as he.

Ast.

He gives ten pound.

Grud.

Take twenty then of me.
I pray ye, my lord, forgive my rough-heav'd speech.
I wis, I meant no hurt unto my liege.

Bowes.

Let us entreat your lordship's patience.

How.

I do, at your request, remit the offence;
So let's depart: here's all we have to do.

Ast.

'Tis, for this time and place, my lord.
Sirrah, bring your money.

Hobs.

What have you saved now, good man Grudgen, by your hinching and your pinching? not the worth of a black pudding.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Shore's Shop. The Sign of the Pelican.*

Enter two* Apprentices *preparing the Goldsmith's Shop with plate.

First Ap.

Sirrah Jack, come set out.

Sec. Ap.

You are the elder prentice! I pray you do it, lest my mistress talk with you when she comes down. What is it o'clock?

First Ap.

Six, by Allhallows!

Sec. Ap.

Lying and stealing will bring ye to the gallows. Is here all the plate?

First Ap.

Ay, that must serve to-day. Where is the weights and balance?

Sec. Ap.

All ready. Hark, my mistress comes.

[*Exit First Ap.*

Enter* JANE SHORE *with her work in her hand.

Jane.

Sir boy! while I attend the shop myself,
See if the workman have despatch'd the cup.
How many ounces weighs it?

Sec. Ap.

Twenty, forsooth.

Jane.

What said the gentleman to the fashion?

Sec. Ap.

He told my master. I was not within.

Jane.

Go, sir, make haste. Your master's in Cheapside.
Take heed (ye were best) your loit'ring be not spied.

[*Exit Sec. Ap.* JANE *sews.*

Enter the* KING *before the shop, disguised.

King.

Well fare a case to put a king in yet.
Good Mistress Shore! this doth your love procure:
This shape is secret; and I hope 'tis sure,
The watermen that daily use the Court,
And see me often, knew me not in this.
At Lion-quay I landed in their view,
Yet none of them took knowledge of the king.
If any gallant strive to have the wall,
I'll yield it gently. Soft; here must I turn;
Here's Lombard Street, and here's the Pelican;
And there's the phenix in the pelican's nest.
Oh, rare perfection of rich Nature's work!
Bright twinkling spark of precious diamond,
Of greater value than all India!
Were there no sun, by whose kind, lovely heat,
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of price,
Her radiant eyes, dejected to the ground,
Would turn each pebble to a diamond.
Gaze, greedy eyes; and be not satisfied
Till you find rest where heart's desire doth bide!

Jane.

What would you buy, sir, that you look on here?

King.

Your fairest jewel, be it not too dear.

First, how this sapphire, mistress, that you wear?

Jane.

Sir, it is right; that will I warrant ye.
No jeweller in London shows a better.

King.

No, nor the like; you praise it passing well.

Jane.

No; if some lapidary had the stone,
More would not buy it than I can demand.
'Tis as well set, I think, as e'er ye saw.

King.

'Tis set, indeed, upon the fairest hand
That e'er I saw.

Jane.

You are dispos'd to jest.
But for value, his majesty might wear it.

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King.

Might he, i'faith?

Jane.

Sir, 'tis the ring I mean.

King.

I meant the hand.

Jane.

You are a merry man:
I see you come to cheap, and not to buy.

King.

Yet he that offers fairer than I'll do,
Shall hardly find a partner in his bargain.

Jane.

Perhaps, in buying things of so small value,

King.

Rather, because no wealth can purchase it.

Jane.

He were too fond, that would so highly prize
The thing which once was given away for love.

King.

His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Jane.

The gift so small, that (ask'd) who could deny it.

King.

Oh, she gave more, that such a gift then gave,
Than earth e'er had, or world shall ever have.

Jane.

His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That, having given him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King.

That easily proves he doth not know the worth.

Jane.

Yet, having had the use of it so long,
It rather proves you over-rate the thing,
He being a chapman, as it seems you are.

King.

Indeed, none should adventure on the thing,
That's to be purchas'd only by a king.

Jane.

If kings love that which no one else respects,
It may be so: else do I see small reason
A king should take delight in such coarse stuff.

King.

Lives there a king that would not give his crown
To purchase such a kingdom of content?

Jane.

In my conceit, right well you ask that question:
The world, I think, contains not such fond king.

King.

Why, Mistress Shore, I am the man will do it.

Jane.

’Tis proudly spoke, although I’d not believe it,
Were he King Edward that should offer it.

King.

But shall I have it?

Jane.

Upon what acquaintance?

King.

Why, since I saw you last.

Jane.

And where was that?

King.

At the Lord Mayor’s, in presence of the king.

Jane.

I have forgotten that I saw you there;
For there were many that I took small note of.

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King.

Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

Jane.

You are deceiv’d, sir; I had then no time,
For my attendance on his majesty.

King.

I’ll gage my hand unto your hand of that.
Look well upon me.
[*Discovers himself.*

Jane.

Now, I beseech you, let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldness to your majesty. [*Kneels.*
Whatever we possess is all your highness’;
Only mine honour, which I cannot grant.

King.

Only thy love, bright angel! Edward craves;
For which I thus adventuréd to see thee.

Enter **SHORE.**

Jane.

But here comes one to whom I only gave it;
And he, I doubt, will say you shall not have it. [*Rises.*

King.

Am I so soon cut off? Oh, cruel spite!
How say you, mistress; will you take my offer?

Jane.

Indeed, I cannot, sir, afford it so.

King.

You'll not be offer'd fairlier, I believe.

Jane.

Indeed, you offer like a gentleman;
But yet the jewel will not so be left.

Shore.

Sir, if you bid not too much under-foot,
I'll drive the bargain 'twixt you and my wife.

King.

[*Aside.*] Alas, good Shore, myself dare answer No.
Nothing can make thee such a jewel forego.
[*Aloud.*] She saith you shall be too much loser by it.

Shore.

See in the Row, then, if you can speed better.

King.

See many worlds arow, affords not like.
[*Exit. As he is going,* SHORE *perceives it is the* KING.

Jane.

Why look'st thou, Mat? know'st thou the gentleman?
Alas! what ails thee, that thou look'st so pale?
What cheer, sweetheart? alas! where hast thou been?

Shore.

Nay, nothing, Jane. Know you the gentleman?

Jane.

Not I, sweetheart. Alas! why do you ask?

Is he thine enemy?

Shore.

I cannot tell.
What came he here to cheapen?

Jane.

This jewel, love.

Shore.

Well, I pray God he came for nothing else.

Jane.

Why, who is it? I do suspect him, Shore,
That you demand thus doubtfully of me.

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Shore.

Ah, Jane, it is the king.

Jane.

The king! what then? is it for that thou sighest?
Were he a thousand kings, thou hast no cause
To fear his presence, or suspect my love.

Shore.

I know I have not. See, he comes again.

Re-enter the* KING*, muffled in his cloak.

King.

Still is my hind'rer there! be patient, heart!
Some fitter season must assuage thy smart.
What! will ye take that, mistress, which I offer'd ye?
I come again, sir, as one willing to buy.

Jane.

Indeed, I cannot, sir; I pray ye, sir,
Deal with my husband. Hear what he will say.

Shore.

I'll sell it worth your money, if you please.
I pray you, come near, sir.

King.

I am too near already, thou so near.
Nay, nay, she knows what I did offer her;
And, in good sadness, I can give no more.
So fare ye well, sir; I'll not deal with you.
[*Exit.*

Jane.

You are deceiv'd, sweetheart. 'Tis not the king.
Think you he would adventure thus alone?

Shore.

I do assure thee, Jane, it is the king.
Oh, God! 'twixt the extremes of love and fear,
In what a shiv'ring ague sits my soul!
Keep we our treasure secret, yet so fond
As set so rich a beauty as this is
In the wide view of ev'ry gazer's eye!
Oh, traitor beauty, oh, deceitful good!
That dost conspire against thyself and love:
No sooner got, but wish'd again of others!
In thine own self injurious to thy self!
Oh, rich, poor portion! thou good evil thing!
How many joyful woes still dost thou bring!

Jane.

I prithee, come, sweet love, and sit by me.
No king that's under heaven I love like thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Shore's House.*

***Enter* JANE SHORE *and* MRS. BLAGUE.**

Mrs. Bla.

Now, Mistress Shore, what urgent cause is that
Which made ye send for me in such great haste?
I promise ye, it made me half afraid
You were not well.

Jane.

Trust me, nor sick nor well,
But troubled still with the disease I told ye.
Here is another letter from the king.
Was never poor soul so importunéd?

Mrs. Bla.

But will no answer serve?

Jane.

No, Mistress Blague; no answer will suffice.
He, he it is, that with a violent siege
Labours to break into my plighted faith.
Oh, what am I, he should so much forget
His royal state and his high majesty?
Still doth he come disguiséd to my house,
And in most humble terms bewrays his love.
My husband grieves: alas! how can he choose?
Fearing the dispossessment of his Jane.
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
Off'ring, beside, incomparable gifts;
And all to win me to his princely will.

Mrs. Bla.

Believe me, Mistress Shore, a dangerous case;
And every way replete with doubtful fear.
If you should yield, your virtuous name were soiled,
And your belovéd husband made a scorn;
And if not yield, 'tis likely that his love,
Which now admires ye, will convert to hate;
And who knows not, a prince's hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye:

Good Mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

Jane.

Then counsel me what I were best to do.

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Mrs. Bla.

You know, his greatness can dispense with ill,
Making the sin seem lesser by his worth;
And you yourself, your children, and your friends,
Be all advanc'd to worldly dignity;
And this world's pomp, you know, 's a goodly thing.
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye:
Good Mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

Jane.

Alas! I know that I was bound by oath
To keep the promise that I made at first;
And virtue lives, when pomp consumes to dust.

Mrs. Bla.

So we do say, dishonour is no shame,
When slander does not touch th' offender's name.
You shall be folded in a prince's arms,
Whose beck disperseth ev'n the greatest harms.
Many, that sit themselves in high degree,
Will then be glad to stoop and bend the knee.
And who is't, having plenty in his hand,
(Never commanded, but doth still command)
That cannot work in such excess of things,
To quit the guilt one small transgression brings?
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye:
Good Mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

Jane.

Here do I live, although in mean estate,
Yet with a conscience free from all debate;
Where higher footing may in time procure

A sudden fall, and mix my sweet with sour.

Mrs. Bla.

True, I confess a private life is good,
Nor would I otherwise be understood,
To be a goldsmith's wife is some content;
But days in court more pleasantly are spent.
A household's government deserves renown,
But what is a companion to a crown?
The name of Mistress is a pretty thing,
But Madam at each word doth glory bring.
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye;
Good Mistress Shore, do what ye will for me.

Jane.

Oh, that I knew which were the best of twain,
Which for I do not, I am sick with pain!

***Enter her* Boy.**

How now, sir boy, what is the news with you?

Boy.

The gentleman, forsooth, the other day,
That would have bought the jewel at our stall,
Is here to speak with ye.

Jane.

Oh, God! it is the king.
Good Mistress Blague, withdraw ye from this place:
I'll come anon, so soon as he is gone.
And, sirrah, get you to the shop again. [*Exit Boy.*

Mrs. Bla.

Now, Mistress Shore, bethink ye what to do.
Such suitors come not ev'ry day to woo. [*Exit.*

Enter the* KING, *in his former disguise.

King.

Thou may'st convict me, beauty's pride, of boldness,
That I intrude like an unbidden guest;
But, Love being guide, my fault will seem the less.

Jane.

Most welcome to your subject's homely roof!
The foot, my sovereign, seldom doth offend,
Unless the heart some other hurt intend.

King.

The most thou see'st is hurt unto myself:
How for thy sake is majesty disrob'd!
Riches made poor and dignity brought low,
Only that thou might'st our affection know!

Jane.

The more the pity, that, within the sky,
The sun that should all other vapours dry,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled up himself in wilful night.

King.

The want of thee, fair Cynthia, is the cause.
Spread thou thy silver-brightness in the air,
And strait the gladsome morning will appear.

Jane.

I may not wander. He, that guides my car,
Is an immovéd, constant, fixéd Star.

King.

But I will give that Star a Comet's name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

Jane.

How if the Host of Heav'n at this abuse
Repine? who can the prodigy excuse?

King.

It lies within the compass of my power,
To dim their envious eyes, dare seem to lour.

But, leaving this our enigmatic talk,
Thou must, sweet Jane, repair unto the Court.
His tongue entreats, controls the greatest peer:
His hand plights love, a royal sceptre holds;

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And in his heart he hath confirm'd thy good,
Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.

Jane.

If you enforce me, I have nought to say;
But wish I had not liv'd to see this day.

King.

Blame not the time. Thou shalt have cause to joy!
Jane, in the evening I will send for thee,
And thou and thine shall be advanc'd by me:
In sign whereof, receive this true-love kiss.
Nothing ill meant, there can be no amiss.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Mayor's House.*

***Enter* Lord Mayor, SHORE, *and* EMERSLEY.**

Mayor.

But, cousin Shore! are ye assured it was
The king himself you saw in such disguise?

Shore.

Do I know you, the uncle of my wife?
Know I Frank Emersley, her brother here?
So surely do I know that counterfeit
To be the king.

Em.

Well, well, admit all this,
And that his majesty, in such disguise,
Please to survey the manner of our city,

Or what occasion else may like himself:
Methinks you have small reason, brother Shore
To be displeas'd thereat.

Mayor.

Oh, I have found him now.
Because my niece, his wife, is beautiful,
And well respected for her virtuous parts,
He, in his fond conceit, misdoubts the king
Doth doat on her, in his affection.
I know not, cousin, how she may be chang'd,
By any cause in your procuring it,
From the fair carriage of her wonted course;
But well I wot, I have oft heard you say,
She merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some giddy fancy in your brain
Make you conceive sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference,
I tell you, cousin, more for her respect

Than to soothe you in such a sottishness,
I would reveal ye open to the world.
And let your folly justly plague yourself.

Shore.

Uncle, you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddenness.
Your niece's reputation have I prized,
And shrinéd as devoutly in my soul,
As you or any that it can concern.
Nor when I tell you that it is the king
Comes muffled like a common serving-man,
Do I infer thereby my wife is false,
Or swerves one jot from wonted modesty.
Though in my shop she sit, more to respect

Her servants' duty, than for any skill
She doth, or can pretend, in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that, ever when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deal with me?
Oh, uncle, Frank, nay, would that all her kin
Were here, to censure of my cause aright.
Though I misdeem not her, yet give me leave
To doubt what his sly walking may intend.
And let me tell ye, he that is possess'd
Of such a beauty, fears undermining guests;
Especially a mighty one, like him,
Whose greatness may gild over ugly sin.
But say his coming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some sly aiming at my life,
By false compounded metals, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be sold.
When kings themselves so narrowly do pry
Into the world, men fear; and why not I?

Em.

Believe me, brother, in this doubtful case,
I know not well how I should answer ye.
I wonder, in this serious busy time
Of this great gathered Benevolence
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoil of his lords,
Yea, of the whole estate in general,
He can be spared from these great affairs,
And wander here disguiséd in this sort.
But is not this your boy?

***Enter* Boy.**

Shore.

Yes, marry, is it. How now; what news with thee?

Boy.

Master, my mistress, by a nobleman,
Is sent for to the king, in a close coach.
She's gone with him. These are the news I bring.

Shore.

Good God!

Mayor.

By a nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Nay, then, I like it not.

Em.

How! my niece sent for to the king?
How! gone, say'st thou?

Shore.

Be patient, uncle! storm not, gentle Frank.
The wrong is mine. And done by whom? A king.
To talk of such it is no common thing.
She is gone, thou say'st?

Boy.

Yes, truly, sir: 'tis so.

Shore.

I cannot help it; a God's name, let her go.
You cannot help it, uncle; no, nor you.
Where kings are meddlers, meaner men must rue.
I storm against it? no; farewell, Jane Shore!
Once thou wast mine; but must be so no more.

Mayor.

Gone to the Court! [*Exit.*

Shore.

Yet, uncle, will ye rage?
Let mine example your high heart assuage.
To note offences in a mighty man
It is enough; amend it he that can.
Frank Emersley! my wife thy sister was;
Lands, goods, and all I have, to thee I pass,

Save that poor portion, must along with me,
To bear me from this badge of obloquy.
It never shall be said that Matthew Shore
A king's dishonour in his bonnet wore.

Em.

Good brother.

Shore.

Strive not to change me, for I am resolved,
And will not tarry. England, fare thou well!
And, Edward, for requiting me so well—
But dare I speak of him? forbear, forbear.
Come, Frank, I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroad, where'er my fortune be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tower.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, HOWARD, *and* SELLINGER.**

King.

And have our country-subjects been so frank
And bountiful in their Benevolence
Toward our present expedition?
Thanks, cousin Howard, for thy pains herein:
We will have letters sent to ev'ry shire
Of thankful gratitude, that they may know
How highly we respect their gentleness.

How.

One thing, my lord, I had well near forgot:
Your pleasant host, the Tanner of Tamworth.

King.

What of him, cousin?

How.

He was right liberal:
Twenty old angels did he send your grace;

And others, seeing him so bountiful,
Stretch'd further than they otherwise had done.

King.

Trust me, I must requite that honest Tanner.
Oh, had he kept his word and come to Court,
Then, in good sadness, we had had good sport.

How.

That is not long, my lord, which comes at last.
He's come to London, on an earnest cause.
His son lies prisoner in Stafford Jail,
And is condemnéd for a robbery.
Your highness' pardoning his son's offence,
May yield the Tanner no mean recompense.

King.

But who hath seen him since he came to town?

Sel.

My lord, in Holborn 'twas my hap to see him,
Gazing about. I sent away my men;
And, clapping on one of their livery cloaks,
Came to him; and the Tanner knew me strait.
"How dost thou, Tom?" and how doth Ned?" quoth he;
"That honest, merry hangman, how doth he?"
I, knowing that your majesty intended
This day in person to come to the Tower,
There bade him meet me, whereas Ned and I
Would bring him to the presence of the king,
And there procure a pardon for his son.

King.

Have then a care we be not seen of him,

Until we be provided for the purpose;
Because, once more we'll have a little sport.
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.

Sel.

I warrant ye, my lord. Let me alone.

***Enter the* Lord Mayor.**

King.

Welcome, lord Mayor! what, have you signified
Our thankfulness unto our citizens,
For their late-gathered Benevolence?

Mayor.

Before the citizens in our Guildhall,
Master Recorder made a good oration,
Of thankful gratitude unto them all,
Which they received with so kind respect
And love unto your royal majesty,
As it appear'd to us they sorrowéd
Their bounty to your highness was no more.

King.

Lord Mayor, thanks unto yourself and them!
Having awak'd forth of their sleepy dens
Our drowsy cannons, which, ere long, shall charm
The watchful French with death's eternal sleep;
And, all things else in readiness for France,
Awhile we will give truce unto our care.
There is a merry Tanner near at hand,
With whom we mean to be a little merry.
Therefore, Lord Mayor, and you, my worthy friends,
I must entreat you not to knowledge me.
No man stand bare—all as companions.
Give me a cloak, that I may be disguised.
Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another.
So, Tanner! come when ye please; we are provided.

Sel.

And in good time; see, he is come already.

Enter **HOBS.**

King.

Tom Sellinger, go thou and meet him.

Sel.

What, John Hobs! welcome, i' faith, to Court.

Hobs.

Gramercies, honest Tom: where is the hangman, Ned?
Where is that mad rascal? shall I not see him?

Sel.

See where he stands that same is he.

Hobs.

What, Ned? a plague found thee! how dost thou, for a villain? how dost thou, mad rogue? and how? and how?

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King.

In health, John Hobs; and very glad to see thee;
But say, what wind drove thee to London?

Hobs.

Ah, Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlwind, man: my son, my son;
did I not tell thee I had a knave to my son?

King.

Yes, Tanner; what of him?

Hobs.

Faith, he's in Capperdochy, Ned, in Stafford Jail, for a robbery; and is like to be hanged, except thou get the king to be more miserable to him.

King.

If that be all, Tanner, I'll warrant him.
I will procure his pardon of the king.

Hobs.

Wilt thou, Ned? for those good words, see what my daughter Nell hath sent thee: a handkercher wrought with as good Coventry-

silk blue thread as ever thou sawest!

King.

And I perhaps may wear it, for her sake,
In better presence than thou art aware of.

Hobs.

How, Ned? a better present! that thou can’st not have, for silk, cloth, and workmanship. Why, Nell made it, man. But, Ned, is not the king in this company? What’s he in the long beard and the red petticoat? Before God, I misdoubt, Ned, that is the king. I know it by my Lord What-ye-call’s players.

King.

How by them, Tanner?

Hobs.

Ever when they play an enterlout or a commodity at Tamworth, the king always is in a long beard and a red gown, like him. Therefore, I ‘spect him to be the king.

King.

No, trust me, Tanner, this is not the king;
But thou shalt see the king before thou goest,
And have a pardon for thy son, too, with thee.
This man is the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor of London.
Here was the Recorder, too; but he is gone.

Hobs.

What nicknames these courtnols have! Mare and Corder, quotha! we have no such at Litchfield. There is the honest Bailiff and his brethren. Such words ‘gree best with us.

King.

Lord Mayor, I pray ye, for my sake to bid
This honest tanner welcome.

Mayor.

You are welcome,
My honest friend. In sign whereof, I pray
You see my house, and sup with me this night.

Hobs.

I thank ye, Goodman Mayor; but I care not for no

meat. My stomach is like to a sick swine's, that will neither eat nor drink till she know what shall become of her pig. Ned and Tom, you promised me a good turn when I came to Court. Either do it now, or go hang yourselves.

King.

No sooner comes the king, but I will do it.

Sel.

I warrant thee; fear not thy son's life, Tanner.

Hobs.

Nay, I fear not his life; I fear his death.

Enter **SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.**

Bra.

All health and happiness to my sovereign!

King.

Sir Robert Brakenbury hath marred all.

Hobs.

Out, alas! that ever I was born!

[*Falls into a swoon: they labour to revive him, meanwhile, the* KING *puts on his robes.*

King.

Look to the tanner, there, he takes no harm.
I would not have him (for my crown) miscarry.

Bra.

Let me come to him, by my king's good leave.
Here's ginger; bite it, bite it, honest man.

Hobs.

Bite ginger! bite ginger! bite a dog's date. I am but a dead man. Ah, my liege! that you should deal so with a poor well-meaning man: but it makes no matter; I can but die.

King.

But when, Tanner? can'st thou tell?

Hobs.

Nay, even when you please; for I have so defended ye, by calling ye plain Ned, mad rogue, and rascal, that I know you'll have me hanged. Therefore, make no more ado, but send me down to Stafford, and there, a God's name, hang me with my son. And here's another as honest as yourself. You made me call him plain Tom: I warrant his name is Thomas, and some man of worship too. Therefore, let's to it, even when and where ye will.

King.

Tanner, attend! Not only do we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindness welcome thee;
And thy son's trespass do we pardon too.
And forty pounds we give thee, to defray
Thy charges in thy coming up to London.
Now, tanner Hobs, what sayest thou to us?

Hobs.

Marry, you speak like an honest man, if you mean what you say.

King.

We mean it, Tanner, on our royal word.

Come, Tanner, thou shalt go with us to Court;
To-morrow you shall dine with my lord Mayor,
And afterward set homeward when ye please.
Lord Mayor, we thank you, and entreat withal
To recommend us to our citizens.
We must for France. We bid you all farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*France. The English Camp.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, HOWARD, *and* SELLINGER.**

King.

Is this the aid our cousin Burgundy
And the great Constable of France assur'd us?
Have we march'd thus far through the heart of France,
And with the terror of our English drums
Rous'd the poor trembling French, which leave their towns,
That now the wolves affrighted from the fields
Do get their prey, and kennel in the streets?
Our thund'ring cannons, now this fortnight space,
Like common bellmen in some market town,
Have cried the Constable and Burgundy;
But yet I see they come not to our aid.
We'll bring them in; or, by the blessed light!
We'll search the ground-sills of their city's walls.
Since you have brought me hither, I will make
The proudest tower that stands in France to quake.
I marvel Scales returns not; for by him
I do expect to hear their resolutions.

***Enter the* LORD SCALES.**

How.

My sovereign, he is happily returned.

King.

Welcome, my lord; welcome good cousin Scales.
What news from Burgundy? what is his answer?
Comes he to our succour, as he promised?

Scales.

Not by his will. For aught that I can see,
He lingers still in his long siege at Nuse.
I urg'd his promise and your expectation,
Ev'n to the force and compass of my spirit.
I cheer'd my firm persuasions with your hopes,
And gilded them with my best oratory:

I fram’d my speech still fitly, as I found
The temper of his humour to be wrought;
But still I found him earthly, unresolved,
Muddy; and, methought, even through his eyes,
I saw his wav’ring and unsettled spirit;
And, to be short, subtle and treacherous,
And one that doth intend no good to you.
And “He will come, and yet he wanteth power;”
“He would fain come, but may not leave the siege”—
“He hopes he shall, but yet he knows not when”—
“He purposéd, but some impediments
Have hinder’d his determined intent.”
Briefly, I think he will not come at all.

King.

But is he like to take the town of Nuse?

Scales.

My lord, the town is liker to take him;
That, if he chance to come to you at all,
’Tis but for succour.

King.

But what says Count St. Paul?

Scales.

My lord, he lies and revels at Saint Quintin’s,
And laughs at Edward’s coming into France;
There domineering, while his drunken crew
Make jigs of us, and in their slav’ring jests
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field.
Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A tavern-reckoning for a supplication,
A drawer’s apron for a herald’s coat,
And tells the Count, the King of England craves
One of his worthy honour’s dog-kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two.

With some such other tavern-foolery.
With that, this filthy, rascal, greasy rout
Burst out in laughter at this worthy jest,
Neighing like horses. Thus the Count St. Paul
Regards his promise to your majesty.

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King.

Will no man thrust the slave into a sackbut?

Sel.

Now, by this light!
were I but near the slave
With a black jack, I would beat out his brains.

How.

If it please your highness to say the word,
We'll pluck him out of Quintin's by the ears.

King.

No, cousin Howard; we'll reserve our valour
For better purpose. Since they both refuse us,
Ourselves will be unrivall'd in our honour.
Now our first cast, my lord, is at main France,
Whilst yet our army is in health and strong;
And, have we once but broke into that war,
I will not leave St. Paul, nor Burgundy,
A bare pig's-cote to shroud them in.—Herald!
Go, herald! and to Lewis, the French king,
Denounce stern war, and tell him I am come
To take possession of my realm of France.
Defy him boldly from us. Be thy voice
As fierce as thunder, to affright his soul.
Herald, begone, I say! and be thy breath
Piercing as lightning, and thy words as death!

Her.

I go, my liege, resolv'd to your high will. [*Exit.*

King.

Sound drum, I say;
set forward with our power;
And, France, ere long expect a dreadful hour!
I will not take the English standard down,
Till thou empale my temples with thy crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in St. Quintin's.*

Enter several ways,* BURGUNDY *and the Constable of France.

Con.

Whither away so fast goes Burgundy?

Bur.

Nay, rather, whither goes the Constable?

Con.

Why, to King Edward, man. Is he not come?
Mean'st thou not likewise to go visit him?

Bur.

Oh, excellent! I know that in thy soul
Thou know'st that I do purpose nothing less.
Nay, I do know, for all thy outward show,
Thou hast no meaning once to look on him.
Brother dissembler, leave this colouring
With him that means as falsely as thyself.

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Con.

Ay, but thou know'st that Edward on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when he came,
Did make this purpos'd voyage into France;
And with his forces is he here arrived,
Trusting that we will keep our word with him.
Now, though we mean it not, yet set a face
Upon the matter, as though we intended

To keep our word with him effectually.

Bur.

And for my better count'nance in this case,
My ling'ring siege at Nuse will serve the turn.
There will I spend the time to disappoint
King Edward's hope of my conjoining with him.

Con.

And I will keep me still here in St. Quintin's,
Pretending mighty matters for his aid,
But not performing any, on my word.
[*Aside.*] The rather, Burgundy, because I aim
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
If all hit right to expectation.
In the mean space, like a good crafty knave,
That hugs the man he wisheth hang'd in heart,
Keep I fair weather still with Burgundy,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.

Bur.

Well, Constable! you'll back again to Nuse,
And not aid English Edward?

Con.

What else, man?
And keep thou in St. Quintin's; so shall we
Smile at King Edward's weak capacity. [*Exit.*

Bur.

Are ye so crafty, Constable? proceed,
You quick, sharp-sighted man! imagine me
Blind, witless, and a silly idiot,
That pries not into all your policies!
Who, I? no, God doth know, my simple wit
Can never sound a judgment of such reach,
As is our cunning Constable of France!
Persuade thyself so still, and when time serves,
And that thou art in most extremity,

Needing my help, then take thou heed of me;
In mean while, sir, you are the only man
That hath my heart. Ay, and great reason too.
Thus it befits men of deep reach to do. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The French King's Palace.*

Enter* LEWIS, BOURBON, ST. PIERRE, *and* MUGEROUN, *with the English Herald.

Lewis.

Herald of England, we are pleas'd to hear
What message thou hast brought us from thy king.
Prepare thyself, and be advis'd in speech.

Her.

Right gracious and most Christian King of France!
I come not to thy presence unprepared
To do the message of my royal liege.
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France
The lawful king, and Lord of Ireland,
Whose puissant magnanimous breast incens'd,
Through manifest notorious injuries,
Offer'd by thee, King Lewis, and thy French,
Against his title to the crown of France,
Breathes forth by me, the organ of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy realm and thee.
And trampling now upon the face of France
With barbéd horse and valiant arméd foot,
Himself the leader of those martial troops,
Bids thee to battle, where and when thou dar'st,
Except thou make such restitution
And yearly tribute on good hostages,
As may content his just conceivéd wrath.

And to this message answer I expect.

Lew.

Right peremptory is this embassage;
And were my royal brother of England pleased
To entertain those kind affections
Wherewith we do embrace his amity,
Needless were all these thunder-threat'ning words.
Let Heaven, where all our thoughts are register'd,
Bear record with what deep desire of peace
We shall subscribe to such conditions
As equity for England shall propound.
If Edward have sustained wrong in France,
Lewis was never author of that wrong;
Yet, faultless, we will make due recompense.
We are assur'd that his majestic thoughts,

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In his mild spirit, did never mean these wars,
Till Charles Burgundy, once our fawning friend,
But now our open foe, and Count St. Paul,
Our subject once and Constable of France
But now a traitor to our realm and us,
Were motives to incite him unto arms,
Which having done, they will leave him, on my life.

Her.

The king my master recks not Burgundy,
And scorns St. Paul, that treach'rous Constable.
His puissance is sufficient in itself
To conquer France, like his progenitors.

Lew.

He shall not need to waste by force of war,
Where peace shall yield him more than he can win.
We covet peace, and we will purchase it
At any rate that reason can demand.

And it is better England join in league
With us, his strong, old, open enemy,
Than with those weak and new dissembling friends.
We do secure us from our open foes,
But trust in friends (though faithless) we repose.
My lord St. Pierre and cousin Bourbon, speak.
What censure you of Burgundy and St. Paul?

St. Pierre.

Dread lord, it is well known that Burgundy
Made show of service to your majesty,
Till, by the engine of his flatteries,
He made a breach into your highness' love;
Where enter'd once and thereof full possessed,
He so abus'd that royal excellence
By getting footing into many towns,
Castles, and forts, belonging to your crown,
That now he holds them 'gainst your realm and you.

Bour.

And Count St. Paul, the Constable of France,
Ambitious in that high authority,
Usurps the lands and seigniories of those
That are true subjects, noble peers of France.
Your boundless favours did him first suborn;
And now to be your liegeman he thinks scorn.

Lew.

By this, conjecture the unsteady course
Thy royal master undertakes in France:
And, herald, intitmate what fervent zeal
We have to league with Edward and his English.

Three hundred crowns we give thee for reward,
In hope thou wilt unto thy sovereign tell
We show thee not one discontented look,

Nor render him one misbeholden word;
But his defiance and his dare to war,
We swallow with the supple oil of peace;
Which, gentle herald, if thou canst procure,
A thousand crowns shall justly guerdon thee.

Her.

So please it your most sacred majesty,
To send unto my gracious sovereign
Equal conditions for the bonds of peace
And restitution of his injuries:
Perform your promise of a thousand crowns,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will undertake to work your peace.

Lew.

By the true honour of a Christian king,
Effect our peace, and thou shalt have our crowns.
And we will post a herald after thee,
That shall confirm thy speech and our designs.
Farewell, good friend! remember our request,
And kindly recommend us to King Edward.
[*Exit Herald.*
How think you, lords? is't not more requisite
To make our peace, than war with England's power?

Bour.

Yes, gracious lord; the wounds are bleeding yet
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henry made,
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

St. Pierre.

Besides, my liege, by these intestine foes,
The Constable and treach'rous Burgundy,
The state's in danger, if the English stir.

Lew.

'Tis perilous and full of doubt, my lords;
We must have peace with England every way.

Who shall be herald in these high affairs?

Bour.

No better man than Monsieur Mugeroun,
Whose wit is sharp, whose eloquence is sound;
His presence gracious, and his courage good;
A gentleman, a scholar, and a soldier;
A complete man for such an embassage!
Art, Mugeroun, content to be employ'd,
In this negotiation to King Edward?

Mug.

If your most sacred majesty command,
Your humble vassal Mugeroun shall go.

Lew.

Attend on us for thy instructions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*King Edward's Tent, before St. Quintin's.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, HOWARD, SELLINGER, *and* BURGUNDY.**

King.

Tell me not, Burgundy! 'tis I am wrong'd;
And you have dealt like a disloyal knight.

Bur.

Edward of England, these are unkingly words.

King.

He that will do, my lord, what he should not,
Must and shall hear of me what he would not.
I say again, you have deluded me.

Bur.

Am I not come according to my word?

King.

No, Charles of Burgundy! the word was given

To meet with me in April; now ‘tis August;
The place appointed, Calais, not Lorraine;
And thy approach to be with martial troops;
But thou art come, not having in thy train
So much as page or lacquey to attend thee,
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect.
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with uncertain hope.

Bur.

My forces lay before the city Nuse,
From which I could not rise but with dishonour,
Unless upon some composition had.

King.

There was no such exception in your letters.
Why smiles Lord Scales?

Scales.

My man reports, my lord,
The composition that the Duke there made
Was mere compulsion; for the citizens
Drave him from thence perforce.

King.

I thought so much.
We should not yet have seen your Excellence,
But that your heels were better than your hands.

Bur.

Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

King.

Letting that pass, it shall be seen, my lord,
That we are able of ourself to claim
Our right in France, without or your assistance
Or any other’s, but the help of Heaven.

Bur.

I make no question of it; yet the Constable,
Press'd with no such occasion as I was,
Might have excus'd us both, if he had pleased.

King.

Accuse him not. Your cities, as we came,
Were ev'n as much to be condemn'd as his.
They gave us leave to lie within the field,
And scarcely would afford us meat for money.
This was small friendship, in respect of that
You had engag'd your honour to perform.
This is St. Quintin's, where you say, my lord,
The Constable is ready to receive us.

Bur.

So much he signified to me by letter.

King.

Well, we shall see his entertainment. Hark!

[*As he enters,* LORD SCALES *is struck down, and two Soldiers slain, by shot from the town.*

Fly to our main battalia; bid them stand!
There's treason plotted: speak to me, Lord Scales;
Or, if there be no power of life remaining
To utter thy heart's grievance, make a sign.
Two of our common soldiers slain beside!
This is hard welcome. But it was not you,
At whom the fatal enginer did aim;
My breast the level was, though you the mark:
In which conspiracy, answer me, Duke,
Is not thy soul as guilty as the Earl's?

Bur.

Perish, my soul, King Edward, if I knew
Of any such intention. (*Aside.*) Yet I did,
And grieve that it hath sped no otherwise.

King.

Howard and Sellinger! [*BURGUNDY steals away.*
What, is there hope of life in none of them?

How.

The soldiers are both slain outright, my lord,
But the Lord Scales a little is recover'd.

King.

Convey his body to our pavilion,
And let our surgeons use all diligence
They can devise for safeguard of his life,
Whilst we with all extremity of war
Go plague St. Quintin's. Howard, fetch on our powers!
[*Exit* HOWARD.
We will not stir a foot till we have shown
Just vengeance on the Constable of France.
Oh, God! to woo us first to pass the sea,

And at our coming thus to halt with us!
I think the like thereof was never seen.
But where's the Duke?

Sel.

Gone, as it seems, my lord,
Stepp'd secretly away, as one that knew
His conscience would accuse him if he stayed.

King.

A pair of most dissembling hypocrites,
Is he and this base Earl, on whom I vow,
Leaving King Lewis unprejudic'd in peace,
To spend the measure of my kindled rage.
Their streets shall sweat with their effuséd blood,
And this bright sun be darken'd with the smoke
Of smould'ring cinders, when their city lies
Buried in ashes of revengeful fire.

***Re-enter* HOWARD.**

Lord Howard, have ye done as I commanded?

How.

Our battles are dispos'd; and on the brow
Of ev'ry inferior servitor, my lord,
You might behold destruction figuréd,
Greedily thirsting to begin the fight;
But when no longer they might be restrain'd,
And that the drum and trumpet both began
To sound war's cheerful harmony, behold
A flag of truce upon the walls was hang'd,
And forth the gates did issue, meekly pac'd,
Three men, whereof the Constable is one;
The other two, the gunner and his mate,
By whose gross oversight (as they report)
This sudden chance unwittingly befel.

King.

Bring forth the Constable! The other two,
See them safe-guarded till you know our pleasure.

Enter the **CONSTABLE.**

Now, my Lord Howard, how is it with Scales?

How.

Well, my dread sovereign, now his wound is drest.
And by the opinion of the surgeons,
'Tis thought he shall not perish by this hurt.

King.

I am the gladder. But, unfaithful Earl,
I do not see how yet I can dispense
With thy submission. This was not the welcome
Your letters, sent to England, promis'd me.

Con.

Right high and mighty prince, condemn me not,
That am as innocent in this offence
As any soldier in the English army.
The fault was in our gunner's ignorance,
Who, taking you for Lewis, King of France,
That likewise is within the city's ken,
Made that unlucky shot to beat him back,
And not of malice to your majesty:
To 'knowledge which, I brought them with myself,
And thirty thousand crowns within this purse,
Sent by the burghers to redeem your lack.

King.

No, Constable, we will not sell a drop
Of English blood for all the gold in France:
But insomuch two of our men are slain,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with thee
Shall both be cramm'm into a cannon's mouth,
And so be shot into the town again.
It is not like but that they knew our colours,
And of set purpose did this villany;
Nor can I be persuaded thoroughly
But that our person was the mark they aim'd at.
Yet are we well content to hold you excus'd.
Marry, our soldiers must be satisfied;
And, therefore, first shall be distributed
These crowns amongst them; then you shall return,
And of your best provision send to us
Thirty wain-load, besides twelve tun of wine.
This if the burghers will subscribe unto,
Their peace is made. I otherwise proclaim
Free liberty for all to take the spoil.

Con.

Your highness shall be answer'd presently,
And I will see these articles performed.

King.

Yet, one thing more. I will that you, my lord,
Together with the Duke of Burgundy,
Do, ere to-morrow noon, bring all your force,
And join with ours; or else we do recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate.

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Con.

Mine are at hand, my lord; and I will write
The Duke may likewise be in readiness. [*Exit.*

King.

Let him have safe-conduct through our army.
And, ‘gainst the morning, ev’ry leader see
His troops be furnish’d. For no longer time,
God willing, the trial shall be deferred
’Twixt Lewis and us. What echoing sound is this?

Sel.

A gentleman from the King of France, my lord,
Craves parlance with your Excellence.

King.

Bring him in.
What news, a God’s name, from our brother Lewis?

***Enter* MUGEROUN.**

Mug.

Most puissant and most honourable king!
My royal master, Lewis, King of France,
Doth greet your highness with unfeignéd love,
Wishing your health, prosperity, and rule;
And thus he says by me: When was it seen
That ever Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspirators sent over
To undermine your state, or openly

By taking arms with purpose to invade?
Nay, when was it that Lewis was ever heard
So much as to detract from Edward's name?
But still hath done him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts
Of wisdom, valour, and heroic birth?
Whence is it, then, that Edward is incens'd
To render hate for love, stern war for amity?
It is the Duke and that pernicious rebel,
Earl of St. Paul, have set abroach these wars,
Who, of themselves unable to proceed,
Would make your Grace the instrument of wrong;
And when you have done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.
But if it might seem gracious in your eye
To cast off these despis'd confederates,
Unfit companions for so great a prince,
And join in league with Lewis, my royal master,

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Him shall you find as willing as of power
To do your grace all offices of love.
And what commodity may spring thereby
To both the realms, your grace is wise enough,
Without my rude suggestions, to imagine.
Besides, much bloodshed for this present time
Will be prevented when such personages
Shall meet together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shock of lance and curtel-axe.
That Lewis is willing, I am his substitute;
And he himself in person, if you please,
Not far from hence, will signify as much.

King.

Now, sir, withdraw, and give us leave awhile
To take advisement of our counsellors. [*Exit MUGEROUN.*
What say ye, lords, unto this proffer'd truce?

How.

In my conceit, let it not be slipt, my lord.

Sel.

Will it not be dishonour, having landed
So great an army in these parts of France,
And not to fight before we do return?

How.

How can it be, when the enemy submits,
And of himself makes tender of allegiance?

Sel.

Ay, that's the question, whether he will yield,
And do King Edward fealty or no?

King.

What talk ye, lords? he shall subscribe to that;
Or no conditions I'll accept at all.
It shall be so. Draw you the articles; [*To* HERALD.
And, Sellinger, call forth the Messenger.
Bring with thee, too, a cup of massy gold,
And bid the bearer of our privy purse
Inclose therein a hundred English ryals.

***Re-enter* MUGEROUN.**

Friend, we do accept thy master's league,
With no less firm affection than he craves;
If he will meet us here, betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirm'd by oath,
On this condition that he will subscribe
To certain articles shall be proposed.
And so thou hast thy answer. To requite
Thy pains herein, we give to thee this cup.

Mug.

Health and increase of honour wait on Edward!

[Exit.

King.

But now, Lord Howard and Tom Sellinger,
There is a task remains for you to do;
And that is this: you two shall be disguised,
And one of you repair to Burgundy,
The other to the Constable of France;
Where you shall learn in secret, if you can,
If they intend to meet us here to-morrow,
Or how they take this our accord with France.
Somewhat, it gives me, you will bring from thence
Worthy the noting. Will you undertake it?

Sel.

With all my heart, my lord. I am for Burgundy.

How.

And I am for the Constable of France.

[*Exeunt* HOWARD *and* SELLINGER.

King.

Make speed again.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Now, Messenger, what news?

Mess.

The King of France, attended royally,
Is marching hitherward to meet your grace.

King.

He shall be welcome. Go, call forth our train:
We may receive him with like majesty. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter English Noblemen. Then enter* KING LEWIS *and his Train, meeting* KING EDWARD. *The Kings embrace.

K. Lew.

My princely brother, we are grievéd much
To think you have been at so great a charge,
And toil'd your royal self so far from home,
Upon the unconstant promise of those men
That both dissemble with your grace and me.

K. Ed.

Brother of France, you might condemn us rightly,
Not only of great wrong and toil sustain'd,
But of exceeding folly, if, incited,
We had presum'd to enter these dominions
Upon no other reason than the word
And weak assistance of the Earl St. Paul
Or Burgundy's persuasion. 'Tis our right
That wings the body of composéd war;

And though we listen'd to their flatteries,
Yet so we shap'd the course of our affairs,
As of ourself we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken staff.

K. Lew.

I know your majesty had more discretion;
But this is not the occasion of our meeting.
If you be pleas'd to entertain a peace,
My kingly brother, in the sight of these,
And of the all-discov'ring eye of Heaven,
Let us embrace; for as my life, I swear
I tender England and your happiness.

K. Ed.

The like do I by you and warlike France.
But, princely brother, ere this knot be knit,
There are some few conditions to be signed.
That done, I am as ready as yourself.

K. Lew.

Fair brother, let us hear them what they be.

K. Ed.

Herald, repeat the articles.

Her.

[*Reads.*] First, it is covenanted that Lewis, King of France, according to the custom of his predecessors, shall do homage to Edward, King of England, as his sovereign and true heir to all the dominions of France.

Bour.

How as his sovereign? That were to depose
And quite bereave him of his diadem.
Will Lewis stoop to such a vassalage?

K. Ed.

Bourbon! and if he will not, let him choose.

K. Lew.

Brother, have patience! Bourbon, seal your lips;
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward, herald! what is else demanded?

Her.

Secondly, it is covenanted that Lewis, King of France, shall pay unto Edward, King of England, seventy-five thousand crowns of the sun, toward the charge King Edward hath been at since his arrival in these parts of France.

Bour.

Mort Dieu! he'll neither leave him crown nor coin.

K. Lew.

Bourbon, I say, be silent! Herald, read on.

Her.

Lastly, it is covenanted that Lewis, King of France, shall yearly hereafter, during the life of Edward, King of England, pay fifty thousand crowns, to be tendered at his majesty's castle, commonly called the Tower of London.

Bour.

Nay, bind him that he bring his lordship too,

A couple of capons, every year beside.
Here is a peace, indeed, far worse than war.

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K. Ed.

Brother of France, are you resolv'd to do,
According as you hear the covenants drawn?

K. Lew.

Brother of England, mount your royal throne,
For subjects' weal and glory of my God,
And to deal justly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineal
From the great Edward of that name the Third,
Your predecessor, thus I do resign,
Giving my crown and sceptre to your hand,
As an obedient liegeman to your grace.

K. Ed.

The same do I deliver back again
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other covenants.

K. Lew.

Those, my lord,
Shall likewise be perform'd with expedition;
And ever after, as you have prescrib'd,
The yearly pension shall be truly paid.

Her.

Swear on this book, King Lewis, so help you God,
You mean no otherwise than you have said.

K. Lew.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

K. Ed.

And so help he me, as I intend to keep
Unfeigned league and truce with noble France.
And, kingly brother, now to consummate

This happy day, feast in our royal tent.
English and French are one. So it is meant. [*Flourish.*

***Enter* HOWARD *and* SELLINGER, *who confer with* KING EDWARD.**

K. Ed.

So, Sellinger! we then perceive by thee
The Duke is passing angry at our league.

Sel.

Ay, my dread lord! beyond comparison,
Like a mad dog, snatching at every one
That passeth by: shall I but show you how,
And act the manner of his tragic fury?

K. Ed.

No, stay awhile. Methought I heard thee say
They meant to greet us by their messengers.

Sel.

They did, my lord.

K. Ed.

What, and the Constable too?

How.

My sovereign, yes.

K. Ed.

But how took he the news?

How.

'Faith, ev'n as discontented as might be;
But, being a more deep melancholist,
And sullener of temper than the Duke,
He chews his malice, fumes and froths at mouth,
Uttering little more than what we gather
By his disturbéd looks and rivell'd front;
Saving that now and then his boiling passion,

Damm'd up as in a furnace, finding vent,
Breaks through his sever'd lips into short puffs,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothless monk when he's at matins.

K. Ed.

Oh, it was sport alone to note their carriage.

Sel.

Sport, my lord!
will you but hear me speak,
And if I do not weary you with laughter,
Ne'er trust Tom Sellinger upon his word.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

K. Ed.

I pray thee, peace: by this it should appear
One of their messengers is come. Go see.
Upon my life, we shall have some device
Of new dissimulation. How now, Tom?

Sel.

'Tis as your highness did suppose, my lord.
Here is a messenger from Burgundy.

K. Ed.

Excellent good! admit him presently:
And, brother of France, let me entreat your grace
To stand aside a little in my tent,
Lest, finding us together, he refrain
To tell the message he is sent about;
So sure I am persuaded we shall find
Some notable piece of knavery set afoot.

K. Lew.

With all my heart. Urge him speak loud enough,
That I, my lord, may understand him too.

[*Retires behind a curtain.*

Enter the **LORD OF CONTÉ.**

K. Ed.

Fear not. I have the method in my mind
What, is it you, my lord of Conté? Welcome!
How doth the valiant Duke? in health, I hope?

Conté.

In health, my lord, of body, though in mind
Somewhat distemper'd, that your grace hath join'd
In league with his professéd enemy.

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K. Ed.

How say you that, my lord? pray you, speak out;
For I, of late, by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thick of hearing.

Conté.

Thus, my lord.
Your grace demanded if the Duke were well.
I answer you, he is in health of body,
Though inwardly, in mind, somewhat perplex'd
That you, without his knowledge, have ta'en truce
With childish Lewis, that heartless King of France.

K. Ed.

With whom, I pray ye? A little louder, sir.

Conté.

With childish Lewis, that heartless King of France.

K. Ed.

I now do understand you. Is it that
He takes unkindly? Why, if he had come
With his expected forces, as he promised,
I had been still uncapable of peace;
But he deceiving me, the fault was his.

Conté.

No, my good lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfeit,

That crafty fox, the Constable of France,
Who counsell'd him to keep him at his siege,
Saying it would be more dishonourable
To rise from thence, than any way profitable
To meet your majesty. Beside, my lord,
It hath been provéd since how much the Constable
Hates your proceedings, by that wilful shot
Was made against you from St. Quintin's walls,
Which, though he seem'd to colour with fair speech,
The truth is, they did level at yourself,
And grievéd when they heard you were not slain.

K. Ed.

May I be bold to credit your report?

Conté.

The Duke, upon his honour, bade me say
That it was true; and therewithal, quoth he,
Tell noble Edward, if he will recant,
And fall from Lewis again, knowing it is
More for his dignity to be sole King,
And conquer France, as did his ancestors,
Than take a fee, and so be satisfied,
That I am ready with twelve thousand soldiers,
All well appointed, and not only will
Deliver him the Constable of France,
That he may punish him as he sees good,

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But seat him in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth usurp.

K. Ed.

Speak that again: I heard not your last words.

Conté.

But seat you in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth usurp.

K. Ed.

I thank his honour for his good regard.
Pleaseth you stay, till we have paus'd upon it,
And you shall have our answer to the Duke.
Tom Sellinger, receive him to your tent,
And let him taste a cup of Orleans wine.

[*Exeunt* CONTÉ *and* SELLINGER.

Now, kingly brother, have you heard this news?

K. Lew.

So plainly, my lord, that I scarce held myself
From stepping forth, hearing my royal name
So much profan'd and slubber'd as it was;
But I do weigh the person like himself,
From whence it came—a sly dissembler;
And, spite my anger, I was forc'd sometime
To smile, to think the Duke doth hang his friend,
Behind his back, whom to his face he smoothes.

K. Ed.

But we shall have far better sport anon.
Howard tells me that another messenger
Is come in post haste from the Constable;
As you have begun, with patience hear the rest.

K. Lew.

No more ado. I'll to my place again.
Remember that you still be deaf, my lord.

K. Ed.

I warrant you. Call in the messenger.

***Enter the* Messenger *from the* Constable.**

Mess.

To the victorious King of England, Health!

K. Ed.

Tell him he must strain out his voice aloud;
For I am somewhat deaf, and cannot hear.

How.

His majesty requests you to speak out,
Because his hearing is of late decayed.

Mess.

The worthy Earl St. Paul—

K. Ed.

Come nearer me.

Mess.

The worthy Earl St. Paul greets noble Edward,
And gives your grace to understand by me,
That whereas Charles, that painted sepulchre,
And most disloyal Duke of Burgundy,

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Hath but usurp’d the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy,
As well appears in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he never meant himself
To send you aid, but likewise was the means
To hinder my lord’s well affected duty,
Alleging, you desir’d his company
But that you might betray him to his king.
Beside, whereas it will be prov’d, my lord,
That he did hire the gunner of St. Quintin’s,
For a large sum of money, to discharge
Three several pieces of great ordnance,
Upon your coming to that curséd town,
To slay your majesty: in which regard,
If it will please you to revoke from France,
And think of Burgundy as he deserves,
The Earl with expedition bade me say
That he would put the Duke into your hands,
Whereby you might revenge his treach’rous purpose,
And aid you, too, with twice five thousand men,

And seat you like a conqueror in France.

K. Ed.

Can it seem possible that two such friends,
So firmly knit together as they were,
Should on a sudden now be such great foes?

Mess.

The Earl, my lord, could never abide the Duke,
Since his last treason ‘gainst your sacred person,
Before St. Quintin’s, came to open light.

K. Ed.

Was that the cause of their dissension, then?

Mess.

It was, my lord.

K. Ed.

Well, I will think upon it.
And you shall have our answer by and by.
Cousin Howard, now take him aside;
But let him be kept from the other’s sight.

How.

Will you walk in? my lord will take advice,
And so despatch you back unto the Earl.

[*Exeunt Messenger and* HOWARD.

K. Lew.

[*Comes forward.*] Here’s vying of villany, who shall have all!
Fraud with deceit, deceit with fraud outfac’d.
I would the devil were there to cry swoop-stake.
But how intends your grace to deal with them?

K. Ed.

Faith, in their kind. I am the steel, you see,
Against the which their envy being struck,
The sparkles of hypocrisy fly forth.
’Twere not amiss to quench them in their blood.

Enter another Messenger to the **KING OF FRANCE***, with letters.*

Mess.

My lord, here's letters to your majesty;
One from the Duke of Burgundy, the other
From the Constable.

K. Lew.

More villany! a thousand crowns to nothing!
[*Reads.*

K. Ed.

Can there be more than is already broach'd?
Methinks they have already done so well,
As this may serve to bring them both to hell.

K. Lew.

The very same, my lord, which they pretend,
In love to you, against my life and crown,
The same they undertake to do for me
Against your safety;
urging, if I please,
That they will join their forces both with mine,
And, in your back return to Calais, cut
The throats of you and all your soldiers.

K. Ed.

But that I see it figur'd in these lines,
I would have sworn there had been nothing left
For their pernicious brain to work upon.

K. Lew.

A traitor's like a bold-fac'd heretic,
That never will be brought unto a non-plus,
So long as he hath liberty to speak.

K. Ed.

The way to cure them is to cut them off.
Call forth their messengers once more to us.

How.

Both of them, my lord?

K. Ed.

Yes, both together.
We'll see if they have grace to blush or no,
At that their masters shame now to attempt.

***Enter* CONTÉ *and Messenger, with* HOWARD *and* SELLINGER.**

Conté.

What, is his majesty of France so near?
And Monsieur Rossé, the Earl's secretary?
I fear some hurt depends upon his presence.

Mess.

How comes it that I see the French King here?
Ay, and the Lord of Conté, too, methinks.
Pray, God, our message be not made a scorn.

K. Ed.

You told me that you came from Earl St. Paul?

Mess.

I did, my lord; and therein fabled not.

K. Ed.

You told me, too, of many kind endeavours
Which he intended for our benefit?

Mess.

No more than he is willing to perform.

K. Ed.

Know you his handwriting, if you see it.

Mess.

I do, my lord.

K. Ed.

Is this his hand or no?

Mess.

I cannot say but that it is his hand.

K. Ed.

How comes it, then, that underneath his hand
My death is sought, when you, that are his mouth,
Tune to our ears a quite contráry tale?
The like read you decipher'd in this paper
Concerning treach'rous, wav'ring Burgundy:
Unless you grant they can divide themselves,
And of two shapes become four substances,
How is it I should have their knightly aid,
And yet by them be utterly destroy'd?

K. Lew.

And I to be protected by their means,
And yet they shall conspire against my life?

K. Ed.

What call you this but vile hypocrisy?

K. Lew.

Nay, peasant-like, unheard-of treachery.

Conté.

My lord, upbraid not me with this offence:
I do protest I knew of no such letters,
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More than before was utter'd in my message.

Sel.

Do you not remember what they were
That first did certify the Duke of truce
Betwixt renowned Edward and the French?

Conté.

I do, they were two soldiers; what of that?

Sel.

Those soldiers were this gentleman and I,
Where we did hear the foul-mouth'd Duke exclaim
Against our noble sovereign and this prince,
And roar'd and bellow'd like a parish-bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him.
His words, so please my lord, I can repeat,

As he did speak them at that very time.

K. Ed.

Well, they are messengers; and, for that cause,

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We are content to bear with their amiss;
But keep them safe, and let them not return
To carry tales unto those counterfeits,
Until you have them both as fast insnared:
To compass which the better, brother of France,
Five thousand of our soldiers here we leave,
To be employ'd in service to that end.
The rest with us to England shall return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*England. Yard of the Marshalsea Prison.*

***Enter* Chorus.**

Cho.

Now do we draw the curtain of our scene,
To speak of Shore and his fair wife again,
With other matters thereupon depending.
You must imagine since you saw him last
Prepar'd for travel, he hath been abroad,
And seen the sundry fashions of the world.
Ulysses-like, his country's love at length
Urgeth his home return. Disguis'd as Flood,
Hoping his wife's death, and to see his friends,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
Come home is he; but so unluckily,
As he is like to lose his life thereby. [*Exit.*

Enter* JANE SHORE *with* JOCKY, *her Man.

Jane.

Have ye bestow'd our small benevolence
On the poor pris'ners in the common gaol
The White Lion and the King's Bench?

Jocky.

Yes, forsooth!

Jane.

What prison's this?

Jocky.

The Marshalsea, forsooth!

Enter **SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.**

Bra.

Well met, fair lady! in the happiest time
And choicest place that my desire could wish.
Without offence, where have ye been this way?

Jane.

To take the air here, in St. George's fields,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and to visit some
Poor patients that cannot visit me.

Bra.

Are you a physician?

Jane.

Ay, a simple one.

Bra.

What disease cure ye?

Jane.

Faith, none perfectly.
My physic doth but mitigate the pain
A little while, and then it comes again.

Bra.

Sweet Mistress Shore, I understand ye not.

Jane.

Master Lieutenant, I believe you well.

Jocky.

Gude faith, Sir Robert Brobenbelly, my maistress speaks deftly and truly; for she hes been till see those that cannot come till see her; and they's peatients perforce. The prisoners, man, in the twa prisons. And she hes gi'n tham her siller and her geer till bay them fude.

Bra.

Gramercies, Jocky, thou resolv'st my doubt.
A comfort-ministering, kind physician,
That once a week in her own person visits
The prisons and the poor in hospitals,
In London or near London every way;
Whose purse is open to the hungry soul;
Whose piteous heart saves many a tall man's life.

Jane.

Peace, good Sir Robert, 'tis not worthy praise,
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of duty done.
For you know well—the world doth know too well—
That all the coals of my poor charity
Cannot consume the scandal of my name.
What remedy? well, tell me, gentle knight,
What meant your kind salute and gentle speech
At our first meeting, when you seem'd to bless
The time and place of our encounter here?

Bra.

There lies here prison'd in the Marshalsea,
A man of good parents and good descent,
My dear, near kinsman, Captain Harry Stranguidge,
As tall a skilful navigator tried

As ere set foot in any ship at sea,
Whose luck it was to take a prize of France,

As he from Rochelle was for London bound;
For which (except his pardon be obtain'd
By some especial fav'rite of the king)
He and his crew, a company of tall men,
Are sure to die, because 'twas since the league.

Jane.

Let me see him and all his company.

Bra.

Keeper, bring forth the Captain and his crew.

Enter* VAUX, *with* STRANGUIDGE, SHORE *disguised, and three more, fettered.

Jocky.

Now, fay o' th' deel! that sike bonny men sud be hampert like plu-jades. Wae's me for ye, gude lads.

Bra.

Ay, cousin Harry! this is Mistress Shore,
Peerless in court for beauty, bounty, pity!
[JANE *views them all.*
And if she cannot save thee, thou must die!

Stran.

Will she, if she can?

Bra.

Ay, cousin Stranguidge!

Shore.

[*Aside.*] Oh, torment worse than death to see her face,
That caus'd her shame and my unjust disgrace!
O, that our mutual eyes were basilisks,
To kill each other at their interview.

Bra.

How like ye him, lady? you have view'd him well.

Jane.

I pity him, and that same proper man
That turns his back, asham'd of this distress.

Shore.

[*Aside.*] Asham'd of thee, cause of my heaviness.

Jane.

And all the rest. Oh! were the king return'd,
There might be hope; but, ere his coming home,
They may be tried, condemn'd, and judg'd, and dead.

Shore.

[*Aside.*] I am condemn'd by sentence of defame!
O, were I dead, I might not see my shame!

Bra.

Your credit, lady, may prolong their trial,
What judge is he that will give you denial?

Jane.

I'll rack my credit, and will launch my crowns,
To save their lives, if they have done no murder.

Shore.

[*Aside.*] Oh, thou hast crack'd thy credit with a crown,
And murder'd me, poor Matthew Shore, alive!

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Stran.

Fair lady, we did shed no drop of blood,
Nor cast one Frenchman overboard, and yet,
Because the league was made before the fact,
Which we poor seamen (God knows) never heard,
We doubt our lives;
yea, though we should restore
Treble the value that we took, and more.
'Twas lawful prize when I put out to sea,
And warranted in my commission.
The kings are since combin'd in amity
(Long may it last) and I unwittingly
Have took a Frenchman since the truce was ta'en,
And if I die, via, one day I must!

And God will pardon all my sins, I trust.
My grief will be for these poor harmless men,
Who thought my warrant might suborn the deed;
Chiefly that gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who (on my soul) was but a passenger.

Jane.

Well, Captain Stranguidge, were the king at home,
I could say more, indeed, but courage, sirs!
I'll use my fairest means to save your lives.
In the mean season, spend that for my sake.
[*Gives her purse.*

Enter the **MARQUIS DORSET.**

Mar.

By your leave, Mistress! I have taken pains
To find you out. Come, you will go with me.

Jane.

Whither, my lord?

Mar.

Unto the queen, my mother.

Jane.

Good my lord Marquis Dorset, wrong me not.

Mar.

I cannot wrong thee, as thou wrong'st my mother.
I'll bring thee to her. Let her use her pleasure.

Jane.

Against my will, I wrong her, good my lord,
Yet am asham'd to see her majesty.
Sweet lord, excuse me. Say ye saw me not.

Mar.

No, Mistress Shore, ye must go to the queen.

Jane.

Must I, my lord?
what will she do to me?

Use violence on me, now the King's away?
Alas, my lord, behold this show'r of tears,
Which kind King Edward would compassionate.

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Bring me not to her: she will slit my nose,
Or mark my face, or spurn me unto death.
Look on me, lord! Can you find in your heart
To have me spoil'd that never thought you harm?
Oh, rather with your rapier run me through,
Than carry me to the displeaséd queen!

Shore.

[*Aside.*] Oh, hadst thou never broke thy vow to me,
From fear and wrong had I defended thee!

Mar.

I am inexorable. Therefore, arise,
And go with me. What rascal crew is this?
Mistress Shore's suitors?
such slaves make her proud.
What, Sir Robert! you a Shorist too!

Bra.

No Shorist, but to save my cousin's life.

Mar.

Then I'll be hang'd if he escape, for this;
The rather for your means to Mistress Shore.
My mother can do nought: this woman all.

Jane.

Go, Jocky, take down all my belongings,
And quickly see my trunks be convey'd forth
To Mistress Blague's, an inn in Lombard Street,
The Flower-de-luce.
Good Jocky, make some speed;
She, she must be my refuge in this need.

Mar.

Come away, Minion! you shall prate no more.

Jane.

Pray for me, friends; and I will pray for you.
God send you better hap than I expect;
Go to my lodging, you;
and, if I perish,
Take what is there in lieu of your true service.

Jocky.

Na! a ma saul! I'se ne'er forsake my gude maistress, till I ha' seen tha worst that spite can du her.

[*Exeunt* MARQUIS, JANE SHORE, *and their Attendants.*

Shore.

For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet, if I were free.

Bra.

See, cousin Stranguidge, how the case is chang'd :
She that should help thee cannot help herself.

Stran.

What remedy! the God of heav'n helps all.
What say ye, mates? our hope of life is dash'd.
Now none but God, let's put our trust in Him,
And ev'ry man repent him of his sin!
And as together we have liv'd like men,
So like tall men together let us die.
The best is, if we die for this offence,
Our ignorance shall plead our innocence.

Vaux.

Your meat is ready, Captain; you must in.

Stran.

Must I? I will. Cousin, what will you do?

Bra.

Visit you soon; but now I will to Court,
To see what shall become of Mistress Shore.

Stran.

God speed ye well!

Vaux.

Come, sir, will you go in?

Shore.

I'll eat no meat. Give me leave to walk here.

[*Exeunt all but* SHORE.

Am I now left alone? No; millions
Of miseries attend me every where:
Ah, Matthew Shore! how doth all-seeing Heaven
Punish some sin from thy blind conscience hid!
Inflicting pain where all thy pleasure was;
And by, my wife came all these woes to pass.
She fals'd her faith, and brake her wedlock's band:
Her honour fall'n, how could my credit stand?
Yet will not I, poor Jane! on thee exclaim.
Though guilty thou, I guiltless suffer shame.
I left this land, too little for my grief;
Returning, am accounted as a thief,
Who in that ship came but a passenger
To see my friends, hoping the death of her;
At sight of whom some sparks of former love
(Hid in affection's ashes) pity move,
Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
That bleeds to think on her ensuing smart.
O, see weak women's imperfections
That leave their husbands' safe protections,
Hazarding all on strangers' flatteries,
Whose lust allay'd, leaves them to miseries!
See what dishonour breach of wedlock brings,
Which is not safe, ev'n in the arms of kings!
Thus do I, Jane, lament thy present state,
Wishing my tears thy torments might abate.

Re-enter* VAUX, BRAKENBURY, STRANGUIDGE, *and his men.

Bra.

[*To Shore.*] Good news, good news! A pardon, gentle friend.

Vaux.

Captain and Master Flood, and all the rest,
I do rejoice your pardon is obtained

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Master Lieutenant! you'll go to the Tower.
I'll take my leave. Gallants, God b'w'ye all! [*Exit* VAUX.

Stran.

God b'w'ye, Master! I wus ye ha' lost good guests.

Bra.

You shall be my guest for a night or two,
Cousin, till your own lodging be prepar'd.
But, tell me, sir, what means hath Master Flood.

Stran.

I cannot tell: I'll ask him, if ye will.

Bra.

Do so; and if his fortunes be debased,
I'll entertain him, if he'll dwell with me,
On good condition.

Stran.

Master Matthew Flood,
Hear ye my cousin Brakenbury's mind?
He hath conceiv'd such liking of your parts,
That if your means surmount not his suppose,
He'll entertain ye gladly at the Tower
To wait on him, and put ye in great trust.

Shore.

I thank ye, sir. God grant I may deserve it!

Bra.

Cousin, and all your crew, come home with me,
Where, after sorrow, we may merry be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Flower-de-luce Inn, Lombard Street.*

Enter* MRS. BLAGUE *and* JOCKY, *with a portmanteau.

Mrs. Bla.

Welcome, good Jocky! what good news bring you?

Jocky.

Marry, maistress! my gude maistress greets ye, maistress, and prays ye, maistress, till dight up her chamber, for she'll lig wi' ye to-night, maistress. And here's her cat-skin till she come.

***Enter* JANE SHORE.**

Jane.

Why, how now, loiterer? make ye no more haste?
When will my trunks and all my stuff be brought,
If you thus loiter? Go, make haste withal.

Jocky.

Marry, sall I, gin ye'll be bud peetient a while.

[*Exit.*

Jane.

Good gentle Mistress Blague, the only friend

That fortune leaves me to rely upon,
My counsel's closet and my tower of strength,
To whom for safety I retire myself,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
O smile on me, and give me gentle looks.
If I be welcome, then with cheerful heart
And willing hand, show me true signs thereof.

Mrs. Bla.

Doubt ye of welcome, lady, to your friend?
Nay, to your servant, to your beadswoman,
To speak but truth, your bounty's bondwoman?
Use me, command me, call my house your own,

And all I have, sweet lady, at your will.

Jane.

Away with titles, lay by courtly terms.
The case is alter'd now, my friends are fled.
No madam now, but, as I was before,
Your faithful kind companion, poor Jane Shore!

Mrs. Bla.

I lov'd you then, and since, and ever shall.
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall:
You, when my husband's lewd transgression
Of all our wealth had lost possession,
By forfeiture into his highness' hands,
Got restitution of our goods and lands.
He fled, and died in France: to heal that harm,
You help'd me to three manors in fee-farm,
The worst of which clears three score pound a year,
Have I not reason, then, to hold ye dear?
Yes, hap what will, until my life do end,
You are and shall be my beloved friend.

Jane.

How, if misfortune folly do succeed?

Mrs. Bla.

Trust me, true friends bide touch in time of need.

Jane.

If want consume the wealth I had before?

Mrs. Bla.

My wealth is yours, and you shall spend my store.

Jane.

You will be weary of so bad a guest.

Mrs. Bla.

Then let me never on the earth be blest.

Jane.

Ah, Mistress Blague! you tender me such love,
As all my sorrows from my soul remove;

And though my portion be not very large,
Yet come I not to you to be a charge.
Coin, plate, and jewels, priz'd at lowest rate,

I bring with me, to maintain my estate,
Worth twenty thousand pound, and my array.
If you survive to see my dying day,
From you no penny will I give away.

Mrs. Bla.

And I (thank you that so my wealth increased)
Am worth, I trow, ten thousand pounds at least.
I think like two warm widows we may live,
Until good fortune two good husbands give;
For surely, Mistress Shore, your husband's dead:
When heard ye of him?

Jane.

Never since he fled,
O, Mistress Blague, now put you in my head
That kills my heart. Why should I breathe this air,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repair?
O, were he here with me to lead his life,
Although he never used me as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurn me with his feet,
Yet should I think with him that life were sweet.

Mrs. Bla.

How can ye once conceit so base a thought,
Your husband's dead, woman! think upon another!
Let us in to supper: drink wine: cheer your heart;
And whilst I live, be sure I'll take your part.

Enter **BRAKENBURY.**

Bra.

By your leave, mistress, I'm somewhat bold.

Pardon me, Mistress Shore, I saw you not:
And trust me, I am sorry at the heart
So good a creature as yourself hath been
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are.
I promise you, the world laments your case.

Jane.

How mean you, sir? I understand you not.

Bra.

You have not seen the proclamation, then?

Jane.

The proclamation! No. What proclamation?

Bra.

Ah, Mistress Shore! The queen, in every street
Of London and in every borough town
Throughout this land, hath publicly proclaimed,
On pain of death, that none shall harbour you,
Or give you food, or clothes to keep you warm;
But, having first done shameful penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the city-gates

Into the naked, cold, forsaken field.
I fable not; I would to God I did!
See, here's the manner of it put in print;
'Tis to be told in every stationer's shop,
Besides a number of them clapp'd on posts,
Where people crowding, as they read your fall,
Some murmur, and some sigh; but most of them
Have their relenting eyes ev'n big with tears,

Jane.

God's will be done! I know my sin is great,
And He that is omnipotent and just
Cannot but must reward me heavily.

Bra.

It grieves me, Mistress Shore, it was my chance
To be the first reporter of this news.

Jane.

Let it not grieve; I must have heard of it,
And now as good as at another time. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.
Farewell to all! that still shall be my song,
Let men impose upon me ne'er such wrong;
And this extremity shall seem the less,
In that I have a friend to lean unto.
Sweet Mistress Blague! there were upon the earth
No comfort left for miserable Jane,
But that I do presume upon your love.

Mrs. Bla.

What! and so I should be a traitor, should I?
Is that the care you have of me and mine?
I thank you, truly; no, there's no such matter.
I love you well, but better love myself.
As long as you were held a true subject,
I made account of you accordingly;
But, being otherwise, I do reject you,
And will not cherish my queen's enemy.
You know the danger of the proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house!

Jane.

When was it ever seen Jane Shore was false
Either unto her country or her king?
And therefore 'tis not well, good Mistress Blague,
That you upbraid me with a traitor's name.

Mrs. Bla.

Ay, but you have been a wicked liver,
And now you see what it is to be unchaste:
You should have kept you with your honest husband:
'Twas never other like but that such filthiness
Would have a foul and détestable end.

Jane.

Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
And studied how to set a gloss on that,
Which now you say is ugly and deformed.

Mrs. Bla.

I told you then as then the time did serve,
And more, indeed, to try your disposition,
Than any way to encourage you to sin.
But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on terms of modesty,
I left you to your own arbitrement,
Can you deny it was not so? how say you?

Jane.

We will not, Mistress Blague, dispute of that;
But now, in charity and womanhood,
Let me find favour, if it be but this,
That in some barn or stable I may shrowd,
Till otherwise I be provided for.

Mrs. Bla.

I pray you, do not urge me, Mistress Shore!
I will not have my house endanger'd so.

Jane.

Oh, you did promise I should never want,
And that your house was mine, and swore the same.
To keep your oath be then compassionate.

Mrs. Bla.

So you did swear you would be true to Shore;
But you were not so good as was your word.

Jane.

Oh, that my grave had then been made my house,
When either first I went unto the Court,
Or from the Court return'd unto this place!

Enter two **Apparitors.**

Mrs. Bla.

How now, what are you? it had been good manners,
You should have knock'd before you had come in.

First Ap.

We are the Bishop's 'parators, my friend;
And, Mistress Shore, our errand is to you.
This day, it is commanded by the queen,
You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheet go from Temple-bar
Until you come to Aldgate, bare-footed,
Your hair about your ears, and in your hand
A burning taper. Therefore, go with us.

Jane.

Even when and whither you will; and would to God,

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The queen as soon could rid my soul of sin,
As she may strip my body of these rags!

Sec. Ap.

That would be soon enough: but come away.
And, Mistress Blague, you'll hardly answer it,
When it is known we found her in your house.

First Ap.

It seems you do not fear to harbour her.

Mrs. Bla.

I harbour her? out on her, strumpet quean!
She press'd upon me, whe'r I would or no.
I'll see her hang'd e'er I will harbour her.
[*Exeunt Apparitors with* JANE.
So now, her jewels and her gold are mine,
And I am made at least four thousand pound
Wealthier by this match than I was before:
And what can be objected for the same?
That once I lov'd her: well, perhaps I did;

But of another humour now am I;
And women all are govern'd by the moon,
Which is, you know, a planet that will change.

Enter the* MARQUIS DORSET *and Sheriff.

Mar.

Come, Master Sheriff of London! do your office.
Attach this rebel to his majesty,
And, having stript her to the petticoat,
Turn her out o' doors, with this condition,
That no man harbour her that durst presume
To harbour that lewd curtezan, Shore's wife,
Against the strait commandment of the queen.

Mrs. Bla.

I beseech you, sir.

Mar.

Away with her.
The while I'll seize upon her house and goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Aldgate. Snow falling.*

Enter the two Apparitors, with* JANE SHORE *in a white sheet, with her hair loose, and a wax taper in her hand.

First Ap.

Now, Mistress Shore, here our commission ends.

Put off your robe of shame; for this is Aldgate,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

Jane.

My robe of shame! Oh, that so foul a name
Should be applied unto so fair a garment!

Which is no more to be condemn'd of shame
Than snow of putrefaction is deserved,
To cover an infectious heap of dung.
My robe of shame, but not my shame, put off;
For that sits branded on my forehead still,
And therefore, in derision, was I wrapt
In this white sheet; and in derision bore
This burning taper, to express my folly,
That having light of reason to direct me,
Delighted yet in by-ways of dark error.

Sec. Ap.

Well, Mistress Shore! I hope you grudge not us.
We show'd you all the favour poor men could.

Jane.

Oh, God forbid! I know the royal edict
Set you a-work, and not your own desires.

First Ap.

Ay, truly, mistress; and for our parts
We could be well content 'twere otherwise,
But that the law's severe. And so we leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Jane.

Farewell to both of you! and London too!
Farewell, to thee, where I was first enticed,
That scandaliz'd thy dignity with shame;
But now thou hast return'd me treble blame;
My tongue, that gave consent, enjoin'd to beg;
Mine eyes adjudg'd to hourly laments;
Mine arms, for their embracings, catch the air;
And these quick, nimble feet, that were so ready,
London! thy flints have punish'd for their pride,
And thou hast drunk their blood for thy revenge.
What now avails to think what I have been?
Then welcome, nakedness and poverty!
Welcome, contempt! welcome, you barren fields!

Welcome the lack of meat and lack of friends!
And, wretched Jane! according to thy state,
Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be!
All things that breathe, in their extremity,
Have some recourse of succour. Thou hast none.
The child, offended, flies unto the mother.

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The soldier, struck, retires unto his Captain.
The fish, distresséd, slides into the river.
Birds of the air do fly unto their dams,
And underneath their wings are quickly shrouded.
Nay, beat the spaniel, and his master moans him.
But I have neither where to shroud myself,
Nor any one to make my moan unto.
Come, patience, then; and, though my body pine,
Make thou a banquet to refresh my soul.
Let heart's deep throbbing sighs be all my bread;
My drink salt tears; my guests repentant thoughts;
That whoso knew me, and doth see me now,
May shun by me the breach of wedlock's vow.

***Enter* SHORE *with relief for his* Wife.**

Shore.

[*Aside.*] Yonder she sits, how like a wither'd tree,
That is in winter leafless and bereft
Of lively sap, sits the poor abject soul!
How much unlike the woman is she now,
She was but yesterday! so short and brittle
Is this world's happiness!—She shall not starve,
So long as this, and such as this, may serve.
[*Aloud.*] Here, Mistress Shore! feed on these homely cates,
And there is wine to drink them down withal.

Jane.

Good sir, your name? that pities poor Jane Shore,
That in my prayers I may remember you.

Shore.

No matter for my name; I am a friend
That loves you well. So farewell, Mistress Shore!

Jane.

Ah, gentle sir! to comfort my sad woe,
Let me that good kind man of mercy know.

Shore.

Ah, Jane! now there is none but thou and I,
Look on me well. Know'st thou thy Matthew Shore?

Jane.

My husband! then break, heart, and live no more!
[*Swoons, and he supports her.*

Shore.

Ah, my dear Jane! comfort thy heavy soul!
Go not away so soon; a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife, may here together die.

Jane.

How can I look upon my husband's face,
That sham'd myself, and wrought his deep disgrace?

Shore.

Jane, be content! Our woes are now alike.
With one self rod thou see'st God doth us strike.
If for thy sin, I'll pray to Heav'n for thee,
And if for mine, do thou as much for me.

Jane.

Ah, Shore! is't possible thou canst forgive me?

Shore.

Yes, Jane, I do.

Jane.

I cannot hope thou wilt.

My fault's so great, that I cannot expect it.

Shore.

I'faith, I do, as freely from my soul,
As at God's hands I hope to be forgiven.

Jane.

Then God reward thee! for we now must part:
I feel cold death doth seize upon my heart.
Ah! he is come to me. Lo! here he lies;
I feel him ready to close up my eyes.

Shore.

Ah, Jane! he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now behold our misery!

Jane.

Oh, dying marriage! oh, sweet married death!
Thou grave, which only shouldst part faithful friends,
Bring'st us together, and dost join our hands.

Shore.

Oh, living death! ev'n in this dying life!

Jane.

Yet, ere I go, once, Matthew! kiss thy wife!

Shore.

Ah, my sweet Jane! farewell, farewell, poor soul!

[*She dies in his arms.*

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. (son to the king)*
RICHARD, *Duke of York, (son to the king)*
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence, (brother to the king)*

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. (brother to the king)*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's Queen.*
MARQUIS OF DORSET *and* **LORD GREY,** *her sons.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
The Lord Mayor of London.
ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.*

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* GLOSTER.**

Glo.

Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiséd arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbéd steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am cúrtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days—
I am determinéd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs, the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence comes.

***Enter* CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.**

Brother, good day: what means this arméd guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar.

His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo.

Upon what cause?

Clar.

Because my name is George.

Glo.

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar.

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,

It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

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Glo.

Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to his extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar.

By heaven, I think there is no man secure.

Bra.

Beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo.

Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Bra.

Beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar.

We know thy charge, Sir Robert, and will obey.

Glo.

We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar.

I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*

Glo.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—

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But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast.

Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo.

As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast.

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo.

No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast.

More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo.

What news abroad?

Hast.

No news so bad abroad as this at home,—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo.

Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast.

He is, my lord.

Glo.

Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—

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Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

***Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS, *and* GREY.**

Riv.

Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey.

In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz.

If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Riv.

No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey.

The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz.

Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv.

Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz.

It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter **BUCKINGHAM** *and* **STANLEY.**

Grey.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

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Buck.

Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan.

God make your grace joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz.

The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan.

I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv.

Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan.

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck.

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz.

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck.

Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz.

Would all were well!—but that will never be;
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter **GLOSTER, HASTINGS,** ***and*** **DORSET.**

Glo.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv.

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

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Glo.

To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz.

Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo.

I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz.

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo.

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz.

By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo.

You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv.

She may, my lord;—

Glo.

She may!—who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv.

What, marry, may she?

Glo.

Marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz.

My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storméd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Glo.

What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.
Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;

Ay, and forswore himself, which Heaven pardon!
To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Riv.

My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days

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Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo.

If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz.

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

***Enter* CATESBY.**

Cates.

Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz.

Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv.

We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all except* GLOSTER.

Glo.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Tower.*

***Enter* CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.**

Bra.
Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar.
O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,

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Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Bra.
What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar.
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in these holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes—reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Bra.

Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar.

Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept-in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Bra.

Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar.

No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

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Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Bra.

No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar.

O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone,

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Bra.

I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
[CLARENCE *sleeps.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two **Murderers.**

First Murd.

Ho! who's here?

Bra.

What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Murd.

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Bra.

What, so brief?

Sec. Murd.

'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*Gives a paper to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Bra.

I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd.

You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Sec. Murd.

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd.

No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd.

When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd.

Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd.

The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd.

What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd.

Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

First Murd.

I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd.

So I am, to let him live.

First Murd.

I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Sec. Murd.

Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd.

How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd.

Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd.

Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Sec. Murd.

Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd.

Where's thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd.

In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murd.

What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd.

I'll not meddle with it,—it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

First Murd.

Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd.

Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd.

I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

Sec. Murd.

Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murd.

Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd.

O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

First Murd.

Soft! he wakes.

Sec. Murd.

Strike!

First Murd.

No, we'll reason with him.

Clar.

[*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

First Murd.

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar.

In God's name, what art thou?

First Murd.

A man, as you are.

Clar.

But not, as I am, royal.

First Murd.

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

First Murd.

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd.

To, to, to—

Clar.

To murder me?

Both Murd.

Ay, ay.

Clar.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

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And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it,
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd.

Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar.

I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Sec. Murd.

Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar.

Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd.

What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd.

And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar.

Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,

Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

Sec. Murd.

And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd.

And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd.

Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd.

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar.

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengéd for the deed,
O, know you yet, He doth it publicly:

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Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

First Murd.

Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar.

My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd.

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar.

If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd.

You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar.

O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd.

Ay, so we will.

Clar.

Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd.

Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar.

O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd.

As snow in harvest.—You deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar.

It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

First Murd.

Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

Sec. Murd.

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

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Sec. Murd.

What shall we do?

Clar.

Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd.

Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar.

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

First Murd.

Ay, thus, and thus [*Stabs him*]: if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit, with the body.*

Sec. Murd.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

***Re-enter* First Murderer.**

First Murd.

How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've been.

Sec. Murd.

I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

First Murd.

So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, *led in sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET,
RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.***

K. Edw.

Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred; swear your love.

Riv.

By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw.

Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast.

So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv.

And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw.

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignédly.

Q. Eliz.

There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw.

Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor.

This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast.

And so swear I. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw.

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck.

[*To the Queen.*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assuréd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*Embracing* RIVERS, *etc.*

K. Edw.

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck.

And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

***Enter* GLOSTER.**

Glo.

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw.

Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incenséd peers.

Glo.

A blesséd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz.

A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo.

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv.

Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck.

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor.

Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw.

Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo.

But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter **STANLEY.**

Stan.

A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw.

I prithee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan.

I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw.

Then say at once what is it thou requestest.

Stan.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw.

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field of Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

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The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,
Poor Clarence!

[*He swoons, and is carried out, followed by* QUEEN,

HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo.

This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it.—But, come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck.

We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in haste Two* Attendants*, meeting.

First Att.

Whither away so fast?

Sec. Att.

Hear you the news abroad?

First Att.

I scarcely know.

Sec. Att.

Yes; that the king is dead.

First Att.

Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

***Enter another* Attendant.**

Third Att.

Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

Sec. Att.

Ay, ay, it is too true: God help, the while!

Third Att.

Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Att.

No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

Third Att.

Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

Sec. Att.

In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

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First Att.

So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

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Third Att.

Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Att.

Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

Third Att.

Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

First Att.

Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

Third Att.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Att.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

Third Att.

Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.

First Att.

Let us away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.

Q. Eliz.

O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

***Enter* DUCHESS OF YORK.**

Duch.

What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-wingéd souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch.

Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—
To over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Q. Eliz.

Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Duch.

Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz.

What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Duch.

What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz.

Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Duch.

Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she.
On me pour tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

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Dor.

Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness His doing:
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv.

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter **GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF,** ***and others.***

Glo.

Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch.

God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo.

Amen;—[*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck.

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv.

Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck.

Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the state's green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo.

I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv.

And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast.

And so say I.

Glo.

Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this business?
[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck.

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home,
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo.

My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. Garden of the Palace.*

***Enter the* ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK,**
QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch.

Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton.

Duch.

I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz.

But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York.

Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch.

Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York.

Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch.

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch.

And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch.

I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York.

Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch.

How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

York.

Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth,
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch.

I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York.

Grandam, his nurse.

Duch.

His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York.

If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz.

A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch.

Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz.

Pitchers have ears.

Arch.

Here comes a messenger.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

What news?

Mess.

Such news as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz.

How doth the prince?

Mess.

Well, madam, and in health.

Duch.

What is thy news, then?

Mess.

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch.

Who hath committed them?

Mess.

The mighty dukes Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz.

For what offence?

Mess.

The sum of all I can, I, have disclos'd;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz.

Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnéd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz.

Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch.

Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz.

You have no cause.

Arch.

[*To the Queen.*] My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*In the Palace.*

The trumpets sound. ***Enter the*** **PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY,** ***and others.***

Buck.

Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo.

Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince.

No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo.

Sweet prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God He knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince.

God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo.

My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the **Lord Mayor** ***and his Train.***

May.

God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince.

I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.
[*Mayor and his Train retire.*]
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck.

And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter **HASTINGS.**

Prince.

Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast.

On what occasion, God He knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck.

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blesséd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck.

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Card.

My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast.

I go, my lord.

Prince.

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo.

Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

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Prince.

I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck.

He did, my lord, begin that place; which since,
Succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince.

Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck.

Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince.

But say, my lord, it were not register’d,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As ‘twere retail’d to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo.

[Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do ne’er live long.

Prince.

What say you, uncle?

Glo.

I say, without charácters, fame lives long.—
[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince.

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck.

What, my gracious lord?

Prince.

An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo.

[*Aside.*] Short summers likely have a forward spring.

Buck.

Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

***Enter* YORK, *with the* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS.**

Prince.

Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York.

Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince.

Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo.

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York.

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo.
He hath, my lord.
York.
And therefore is he idle?
Glo.
O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York.
Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glo.
He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York.
I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo.
My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince.
A beggar, brother?
York.
Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo.
A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York.
A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glo.
Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York.
O, then, I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glo.
It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York.
I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo.

What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York.

I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo.

How?

York.

Little.

Prince.

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York.

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me;—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck.

[*Aside to* HASTINGS.] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo.

My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York.

What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince.

My lord protector needs will have it so.

York.

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo.

Why, what should you fear?

York.

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince.

I fear no uncles dead.

Glo.

Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince.

An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL, *and others; also the Lord Mayor and his Train.*]

Buck.

Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenséd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo.

No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck.

Well, let them rest.—Come, Catesby. Thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates.

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck.

What think’st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Cates.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck.

Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ’d.

Glo.

Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

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His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle.

Buck.

Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates.

My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo.

Shall we hear from you ere we sleep?

Cates.

You shall.

Glo.

At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck.

My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo.

Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do;—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck.

I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo.

And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before Lord Hastings' House.*

***Enter* a Messenger.**

Mess.

My lord! my lord!— [*Knocking.*

Hast.

[Within.] Who knocks?

Mess.

One from Lord Stanley.

Hast.

[Within.] What is't o'clock?

Mess.

Upon the stroke of four.

***Enter* HASTINGS.**

Hast.

Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess.

So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast.

What then?

Mess.

Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had razéd off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

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Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast.

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mess.

I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

***Enter* CATESBY.**

Cates.

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast.

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cates.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast.

How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cates.

Ay, my good lord.

Hast.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates.

Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast.

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cates.

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast.

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates.

The princes both make high account of you,—
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast.

I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

***Enter* STANLEY.**

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan.

My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast.

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan.

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,—

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast.

Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

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Stan.

They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats,—
But come, my lord, let us away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the Council attending.

Hast.

Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck.

Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan.

It is; and wants but nomination.

Ely.

To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck.

Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely.

Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck.

We know each other's faces for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast.

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Ely.

In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

***Enter* GLOSTER.**

Glo.

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper: but, I trust,

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My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck.

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo.

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn;
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely.

Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glo.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*]
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck.

Withdraw you hence, my lord; I'll follow you.
[*Exit* GLOSTER, *followed by* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan.

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Hast.

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan.

What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast.

Marry, that with no man here he's offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

***Re-enter* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.**

Glo.

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnéd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

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Hast.

The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservéd death.

Glo.

Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markéd me.

Hast.

If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glo.

If! thou protector of this damnéd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all, except* HASTINGS, LOVEL, *and* RATCLIFF.

Hast.

Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triúmphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

Rat.

Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov.

Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast.

O bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block: bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Tower-walls.*

Enter **GLOSTER** *and* **BUCKINGHAM.**

Glo.

Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck.

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforcéd smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo.

He is: and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Buck.

Let me alone to entertain him.

Enter the **Lord Mayor** *and* **CATESBY.**

Lord mayor,—

Glo.

Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck.

Hark! a drum.

Glo.

Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck.

Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo.

Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck.

God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Glo.

Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

***Enter* LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF.**

Lov.

There is the head of that ignoble traitor,
[*Pointing to the yard.*
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

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Glo.

So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That he liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May.

What, had he so?

Glo.

What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May.

Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death:
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck.

Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented;
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May.

But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

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Glo.

And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck.

But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo.

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was terméd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France:
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck.

Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo.

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learnéd bishops.

Buck.

I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

Glo.

Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To* CATES.] Go thou to Friar Penker;—bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle. [*Exeunt.*

***Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* DORSET.**

Q. Eliz.

All in good time, here the lieutenant comes,

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***Enter* BRAKENBURY *and* STANLEY.**

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Bra.

Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz.

The king! who's that?

Bra.

I mean the lord protector.

Q. Elis.

The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch.

I am their father's mother; I will see them:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Bra.

No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz.

Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Duch.

Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor.

Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz.

O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence !
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead.

Stan.

Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours; [*To* DORSET.
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch.

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—[*To* DORSET.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
[*To* QUEEN ELIZABETH.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz.

Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM *meeting.

Glo.

How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck.

Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo.

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck.

I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse :
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo.

And did they so?

Buck.

No, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:

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His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the récorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard: "
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo.

What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck.

No, by my troth.

Glo.

Will not the mayor come?

Buck.

The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:

And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo.

I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck.

Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

***Enter the* Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.**

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

***Enter, from the Castle,* CATESBY.**

Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cates.

He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck.

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates.

I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck.

Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.

May.

Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck.

I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

***Re-enter* CATESBY.**

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cates.

He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck.

Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter* GLOSTER*, in a gallery above, between two clergymen.
CATESBY *returns.*

May.

See, where his grace stands ‘tween two clergymen!

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Buck.

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo.

My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace’s pleasure?

Buck.

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern’d isle.

Glo.

I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city’s eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck.

You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck.

Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter’d office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

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For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;—
And much I need to help you, were there need ;—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck.

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well consideréd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time
Unto a lineal true-derivéd course.

May.

Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck.

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates.

O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo.

Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck.

If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: zounds, I'll entreat no more.

Glo.

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM; *the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens retiring.*

Cates.

Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo.

Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. [CATESBY *goes to the Mayor, and then exit.*

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

***Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY;**
the* Mayor, *etc. coming forward.

Glo.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burden, whêr I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God He knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May.

God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck.

Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

Mayor, etc.

Amen.

Buck.

To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo.

Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck.

To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo.

[*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy work again.—
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter* RICHARD, *crowned*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.

K. Rich.

Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck.

My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich.

Give me thy hand. [*Ascends the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

---

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck.

Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich.

Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.

Buck.

Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich.

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck.

Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich.

Ha! am I king? ‘tis so:—but Edward lives.

Buck.

True, noble prince.

K. Rich.

O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! “True, noble prince!”—
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform’d.
What say’st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck.

Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck.

Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

Cates.

[*Aside to another.*] The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich.

I will converse with iron-witted fools
[*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy!—

Page.

My lord?

K. Rich.

Know’st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page.

I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich.

What is his name?

Page.

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

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K. Rich.

I partly know the man: go call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir’d,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

***Enter* STANLEY.**

How now! what news with you?

Stan.

My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset’s fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

K. Rich.

Come hither, Catesby:—rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

***Re-enter* Page, *with* TYRREL.**

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr.

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich.

Art thou indeed?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich.

Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr.

Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich.

Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr.

Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich.

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr.

I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

***Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.**

Buck.

My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich.

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck.

I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich.

Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.

Buck.

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich.

Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck.

What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich.

I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck.

My lord,—

K. Rich.

How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck.

My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich.

Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck.

My lord,—

K. Rich.

Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck.

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich.

But what's o'clock?

Buck.

Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich.

Well, let it strike.

Buck.

Why let it strike?

K. Rich.

Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck.

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich.

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM.

Buck.

Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* TYRREL.**

Tyr.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—"We smotheréd
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd."

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

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Enter **KING RICHARD.**

Tyr.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich.

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr.

If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich.

But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr.

I did, my lord.

K. Rich.

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr.

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich.

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr.

I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham’s bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

***Enter* CATESBY.**

Cates.
My lord,—
K. Rich.
Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cates.
Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich.
Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Palace.*

***Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.**

Q. Eliz.
Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Duch.

Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz.

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch.

If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damnéd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum within.*
I hear his drum:—be copious in exclaims.

Enter* KING RICHARD *and his Train.

K. Rich.

Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch.

O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz.

Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch.

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

Q. Eliz.

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch.

Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich.

A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! [*Flourish.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

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Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch.

Art thou my son?

K. Rich.

Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch.

Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch.

O, let me speak!

K. Rich.

Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch.

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich.

And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch.

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich.

And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch.

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch.

I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich.

You speak too bitterly.

Duch.

Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich.

So.

Duch.

Either thou'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and éxtreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

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Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz.

Though far more cause, yet much less curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich.

Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz.

I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich.

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz.

And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich.

Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz.

To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich.

Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz.

And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich.

Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz.

No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich.

All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz.

True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich.

You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz.

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart.

K. Rich.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz.

What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich.

Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz.

Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich.

No, to the dignity and height of honour,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz.

Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich.

Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz.

Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich.

Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz.

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich.

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz.

Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich.

Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz.

What, thou?

K. Rich.

Even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz.

How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich.

That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz.

And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich.

Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz.

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
"Edward and York;" then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich.

You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.

There's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich.

Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz.

Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich.

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

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Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastiséd

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz.

What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich.

Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz.

Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich.

Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz.

That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich.

Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz.

To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich.

Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz.

But how long shall that title "ever" last?

K. Rich.

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz.

But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich.

As long as heaven and nature lengthen it.

Q. Eliz.

As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich.

Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz.

But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich.

Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich.

Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz.

Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich.

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz.

O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich.

Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz.

Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich.

Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz.

Profan’d, dishonour’d, and the third usurp’d.

K. Rich.

I swear—

Q. Eliz.

By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy George, profan’d, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish’d, pawn’d his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp’d, disgraced his kingly glory.

If something, thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich.

Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz.

'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich.

My father's death,—

Q. Eliz.

Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich.

Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz.

Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich.

Why, then, by God,—

Q. Eliz.

God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich.

The time to come.

Q. Eliz.

That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by time misus'd o'erpast.

K. Rich.

As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

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Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding!—if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich.

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich.

Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich.

And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz.

I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich.

Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Exit* QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman!

Enter* RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.

How now! what news?

Rat.

My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich.

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate.

Here, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Fly to the duke. [*To* RATCLIFF.] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, [*To* CATESBY.] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cates.

First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich.

O, true, good Catesby;—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates.

I go. [*Exit.*

Rat.

What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich.

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat.

Your highness told me I should post before.

***Enter* STANLEY.**

K. Rich.

My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan.

None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich.

Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan.

Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

Stan.

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich.

Well, as you guess?

Stan.

Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich.

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan.

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich.

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan.

No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich.

Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich.

Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan.

They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich.

Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.

Stan.

Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich.

Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan.

So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

***Enter* a Messenger.**

Mess.

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértiséd.
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

***Enter a second* Messenger.**

Sec. Mess.

In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

***Enter a third* Messenger.**

Third Mess.

My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

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K. Rich.

Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*Strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Mess.

The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich.

O, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviséd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess.

Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth **Messenger.**

Fourth Mess.

Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich.

March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

***Re-enter* CATESBY.**

Cates.

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich.

Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Bosworth Field. Richmond's Camp.*

Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, BRANDON, HERBERT, BLUNT, *and others.

Richm.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.—
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt.

Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which well I am assur'd I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm.

If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt.

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it. [*Exit.*

Richm.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf.

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb.

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Brand.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

Richm.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as His soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

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Enter **STANLEY.**

Stan.

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm.

All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan.

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant and speed well!

Richm.

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Officers, with* STANLEY.
O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, O! defend me still!
[*Retires into his tent.*

SCENE II.—*King Richard's Tent.*

***Enter* KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.**

K. Rich.

What is't o'clock?

Cates.

It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich.

I will not sup to-night.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates.

It is, and all things are in readiness, My liege.

K. Rich.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

Nor.

I go, my lord.

K. Rich.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, Gentle Norfolk.

Nor.

I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich.

Catesby, send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit CATESBY.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat.

My lord?

K. Rich.

Sawest thou
The melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat.

Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich.

I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
So, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat.

It is, my lord.

K. Rich.

Bid my guard watch: leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent
Ratcliff, and help to arm me.
Leave me, I say.
[*He sleeps.* *Exit* RATCLIFF.

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The Ghost of* PRINCE EDWARD*, son to* KING HENRY THE SIXTH*, rises.

Ghost of P. E.
Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die!

The Ghost of* CLARENCE *rises.

Ghost of C.
Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

The Ghost of* HASTINGS *rises.

Ghost of H.
Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think upon Hastings: so despair, and die!

The Ghosts of the two young* PRINCES *rise.

Ghosts of the two P.
Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

The Ghost of* BUCKINGHAM *rises.

Ghost of B.

The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich.

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

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The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

***Re-enter* RATCLIFF.**

Rat.

My lord,—

K. Rich.

Who's there?

Rat.

My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich.

O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?

Rat.

No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich.

Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!—
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat.

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Arméd in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

Enter **NORFOLK.**

Nor.

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich.

Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:—

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor.

A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich.

[*Reads.*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
[*To his Soldiers.*] What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyéd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would distrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over-shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers

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Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'm,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? [*Drum afar off.*] I hear their drum.

—

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

***Enter a* Messenger.**

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess.

My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich.

Off with his son George's head!

Nor.

My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

***Alarums: excursions. Enter* NORFOLK *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.**

Cates.

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

***Alarums. Enter* KING RICHARD.**

K. Rich.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates.

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter* KING RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND, *with* STANLEY *bearing the crown, and divers other Lords.

Richm.

God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends!
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan.

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpéd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm.

Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!—
But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living?

Stan.

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if 't please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm.

What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan.

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm.

Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter's his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,—

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs—God, if Thy will be so—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

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With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen:
That she may long live here, God say Amen! [*Exeunt.*

PERKIN WARBECK

PERSONS REPRESENTED

HENRY VII., *King of England.*
LORD DAWBENEY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF SURREY.
FOX, *Bishop of Durham.*
URSWICK, *Chaplain to the King.*
SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.
LAMBERT SIMNEL.
HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent.*
JAMES IV., *King of Scotland.*
EARL OF HUNTLEY.

EARL OF CRAWFORD.
LORD DALYELL.
MARCHMONT, *a Herald.*
PERKIN WARBECK.
STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary.*
JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork.*
HERON, *a Mercer.*
SKELTON, *a Tailor.*
ASTLEY, *a Scrivener.*
LADY KATHERINE GORDON.
COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.
JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady Katherine's attendant.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Westminster. The Royal Presence-chamber.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, *supported to the throne by the* BISHOP OF DURHAM *and* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY; EARLS OF OXFORD *and* SURREY, *and* LORD DAWBENEY.**

K. Hen.

Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frightened with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty and new-coined greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordained to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits: yet, my lords,

My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birthright; the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughtered people
Have been by us as by the best physician,
At last both throughly cured and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourselves is scarce secure.

Dur.

The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have in civil wars
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance

Of the just powers above to utter ruin
And desolation had rained on, but that
Mercy did gently sheathe the sword of justice,
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

Daw.

Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase: these young princes,
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
Forced to a violent grave:—so just is Heaven,
Him hath your majesty by your own arm,
Divinely strengthened, pulled from his boar's sty,
And struck the black usurper to a carcass.
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,

Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
For Edward's daughter is King Henry's queen,—
A blesséd union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.

Oxf.

Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh coals of division.

Sur.

Painted fires,
Without or heat to scorch or light to cherish.

Daw.

York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature;
Nor Gloster's own confusion,—all decrees
Sacred in heaven, can move this woman-monster,
But that she still, from the unbottomed mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
Of troubles and sedition.

Oxf.

In her age—
Great sir, observe the wonder—she grows fruitful
Who in her strength of youth was always barren:
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,
At nine or ten months' end; even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance.

K. Hen.

Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our service,
Preferred by an officious care of duty

From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!

Which shows the difference between noble natures
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murdered long since i' the Tower,—he lives again,
And vows to be your king.

Stan.

The throne is filled, sir.

K. Hen.

True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits on it:
A guard of angels and the holy prayers
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and council of intrusion.—
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our great ones, should give countenance and courage
To trim Duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftily been scattered
Amongst unthankful men.

Daw.

Dogs, villains, traitors!

K. Hen.

Unthankful beasts,
Dawbeney, let the guilty
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

Stan.

Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately passed by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.

K. Hen.

Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and thy heart

Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted
This cub, since he unlodged, from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle: first Ireland,
The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France
Thence called him into his protection,
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
Aiming at peace with us; which being granted

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On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was packed from France again,
T' infect some grosser air: and now we learn—
Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels—
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam
That nursed this eager whelp, Margaret of Burgundy.
But we will hunt him there too; we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
Though the archduke were his buckler!

Sur.

She has styled him
"The fair white rose of England."

Daw.

Jolly gentleman!
More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish
After a drunken surfeit.

Enter* URSWICK *with a paper.

Urs.

Gracious sovereign,
Please you peruse this paper. [*The* KING *reads.*

Dur.

The king's countenance
Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw.

Good news; believe it.

K. Hen.

Urswick, thine ear. Thou'st lodged him?

Urs.

Strongly safe, sir.

K. Hen.

Enough:—is Barley come too?

Urs.

No, my lord.

K. Hen.

No matter—phew! he's but a running weed,
At pleasure to be plucked-up by the roots:
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me,
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our court
From Westminster to the Tower: we will lodge
This very night there; give, Lord Chamberlain,
A present order for't.

Stan.

[*Aside.*] The Tower!—I shall, sir.

K. Hen.

Come, my true, best, fast friends: these clouds will vanish,
The sun will shine at full; the heavens are clearing.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh. In the Earl of Huntley's House.*

***Enter* EARL OF HUNTLEY *and* LORD DALYELL.**

Hunt.

You trifle time, sir.

Dal.

O, my noble lord,
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-placed mirth.

Hunt.

Much mirth! Lord Dalyell;
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle
And ruffle in the world by noble actions
For a brave mention to posterity:
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,
This idle tale of honour, honour, Dalyell!
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear
The piece of royalty that is stitched-up
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet
As foolish for my gravity to admit it:
I have spoke all at once.

Dal.

Sir, with this truth
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disordered palate e'er to relish
A wholesome taste again: alas, I know, sir,
What an unequal distance lies between
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes;
She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,

A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt.

Right; but a noble subject; put in that too.

Dal.

I could add more; and in the rightest line
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the mother
To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
That sway the sceptre to this very day.

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But kindreds are not ours when once the date
Of many years have swallowed up the memory
Of their originals; so pasture-fields
Neighbouring too near the ocean are swooped-up,
And known no more; for stood I in my first
And native greatness, if my princely mistress
Vouchsafed me not her servant, ‘twere as good
I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] Now, by Saint Andrew,
A spark of mettle! he has a brave fire in him:
I would he had my daughter, so I knew’t not.
But ‘t must not be so, must not.—Well, young lord,
This will not do yet: if the girl be headstrong,
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
And run away with her; dance galliards, do,
And frisk about the world to learn the languages:
’Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by’t.

Dal.

With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
Suits not your daughter’s virtue or my constancy.

Hunt.

You're angry.—[*Aside.*] Would he would beat me,
I deserve it.—
Dalyell, thy hand; we're friends: follow thy courtship,
Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st
With passion more than I can with my counsel,
She's thine; nay, she is thine: 'tis a fair match,
Free and allowed. I'll only use my tongue,
Without a father's power; use thou thine:
Self do, self have: no more words; win and wear her.

Dal.

You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt.

Nay, thou'rt poor
Enough. [*Aside.*] I love his spirit infinitely.—
Look ye, she comes! to her now, to her, to her!

***Enter* LADY KATHERINE *and* JANE.**

Kath.

The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt.

The gallant—
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,
Desires to be your master.

Kath.

I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal.

Your humblest creature.

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] So, so! the game's a-foot; I'm in cold hunting;
The hare and hounds are parties.

Dal.

Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
My services in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love,—
Are only matter of despair, unless
Your goodness give large warrant to my boldness,
My feeble-winged ambition.

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] This is scurvy.

Kath.

My lord, I interrupt you not.

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] Indeed!
Now, on my life, she'll court him.—Nay, nay, on, sir.

Dal.

Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows
To sweeten discord and enrich your pity;
But all in vain here had my comforts sunk,
And never risen again to tell a story
Of the despairing lover, had not now,
Even now, the earl your father—

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] He means me, sure.

Dal.

After some fit disputes of your condition,
Your highness and my lowness, given a license
Which did not more embolden than encourage
My faulting tongue.

Hunt.

How, how? how's that? embolden!
Encourage! I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?—
A subtle trick, a mistake one:—will you hear, man?

What did I say to you? come, come, to the point.

Kath.

It shall not need, my lord.

Hunt.

Then hear me, Kate.—
Keep you on that hand of her, I on this.—
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He courts thee for affection, I for duty:
He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege
Of nature though I might command, my care

Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of marriage
Are tenures not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
In the full spring of youth and fresh in beauty.
The king that sits upon the throne is young,
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion to endanger
His person: wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
My lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old
In honours, but nor eminent in titles
Nor in estate, that may support or add to
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment;
For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.

If equal fates have not ordained to pitch
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion:
Thou art thine own; I have done.

Dal.

O, you're all oracle,
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom!

Kath.

My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence
Of your sweet composition thus commands
The lowest of obedience; you have granted
A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of example:
From which I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a father,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a daughter. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of mine to own me yours.

Hunt.

Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart like peace,
Creating every other hour a jubilee.

Kath.

To you, my lord of Dalyell, I address
Some few remaining words: the general fame
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

Hunt.

Good wench, good girl, i'faith!

Kath.

For my part, trust me,
I value mine own worth at higher rate
'Cause you are pleased to prize it: if the stream
Of your protested service—as you term it—
Run in a constancy more than a compliment,
It shall be my delight that worthy love
Leads you to worthy actions, and these guide ye
Richly to wed an honourable name:
So every virtuous praise in after-ages
Shall be your heir, and I in your brave mention
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
That glorious issue.

Hunt.

O, that I were young again!
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

Kath.

To the present motion
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
No surer credit of a match with virtue
Than such as lives in you—meantime my hopes are
Preserved secure in having you a friend.

Dal.

You are a blesséd lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight
Than in the perfumed air of your soft voice.—
My noble Lord of Huntley, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt.

Enough—we are still friends, and will continue
A hearty love.—O, Kate, thou art mine own!—
No more:—my Lord of Crawford.

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***Enter* EARL OF CRAWFORD.**

Craw.
From the king
I come, my Lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.
Hunt.
Some weighty business?
Craw.
A secretary from a Duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Concealed, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master; and ‘tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.
Hunt.
Duke upon duke; ‘tis well, ‘tis well; here’s bustling
For majesty.—My lord, I will along with ye.
Craw.
My service, noble lady!
Kath.
Please ye walk, sir?
Dal.
[*Aside.*] Times have their changes; sorrow makes men wise;
The sun itself must set as well as rise;
Then, why not I?—Fair madam, I wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*London. An Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter the* BISHOP OF DURHAM, SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD, *and* URSWICK. *Lights.

Dur.

You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely
King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this,
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his closet, he is pleased
T' admit you to his favour. Do not falter
In your discovery; but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserve 't by laying open
All plots, all persons that contrive against it.

Urs.

Remember not the witchcraft or the magic,
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge

Your conscience freely; all of such as love you
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
Take heed you do not dally with the king;
He's wise as he is gentle.

Clif.

I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.

Urs.

The king comes.

Enter **KING HENRY.**

K. Hen.

Clifford!

Clif.

[*Kneels.*] Let my weak knees root on the earth,
If I appear as leperous in my treacheries
Before your royal eyes, as to mine own
I seem a monster by my breach of truth.

K. Hen.

Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy safety,
I offer thee my hand.

Clif.

A sovereign balm
For my bruised soul, I kiss it with a greediness.
[*Kisses the* KING'S *hand, and rises.*
Sir, you're a just master, but I—

K. Hen.

Tell me,
Is every circumstance thou hast set down
With thine own hand within this paper true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all
The progress of our enemies' intents
Without corruption?

Clif.

True, as I wish Heaven,
Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen.

We know all, Clifford, fully, since this meteor,
This airy apparition first discradled
From Tournay into Portugal, and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration
To the superstitious Irish; since the beard
Of this wild comet, conjured into France,
Sparkled in antic flames in Charles his court;
But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness,
Stole into Flanders flourishing the rag
Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,

Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:
But tell me what new course now shapes Duke Perkin?

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Clif.

For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed
By Stephen Frion, sometimes secretary
In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,
But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen.

A subtle villain,
That Frion, Frion,—You, my Lord of Durham,
Knew well the man.

Dur.

French both in heart and actions.

K. Hen.

Some Irish heads work in this mine of treason; Speak 'em.

Clif.

Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dulled their spleens. Never had counterfeit
Such a confuséd rabble of lost bankrupts
For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer,
Then John a-Water, sometimes Mayor of Cork,
Skelton a tailor, and a scrivener
Called Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of,
Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland to young James the Fourth.
And sue for aid to him—this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.

K. Hen.

Still more Frion!
Pestilent adder, he will hiss-out poison
As dangerous as infectious: we must match him.

Clifford, thou hast spoke home; we give thee life:
But, Clifford, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford?
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest;
'Tis thy last task.

Clif.

O, sir, here I must break
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen.

Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif.

The first in rank
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
Worseley the Dean of Paul's, two other friars,
And Robert Ratcliffe.

K. Hen.

Churchmen are turned devils.
These are the principal?

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Clif.

One more remains
Unnamed, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen.

Ha, Clifford! one more?

Clif.

Great sir, do not hear him;
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chamberlain,
Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
I shall lose credit with ye; yet this lord
Last named is first against you.

K. Hen.

Urswick, the light!—
View well my face, sirs; is there blood left in it?

Dur.

You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen.

Alter, lord bishop!
Why, Clifford stabbed me, or I dreamed he stabbed me.—
Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains off by laying
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves;
Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
Thy life again is forfeit; I recall
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeat the name no more.

Clif.

I dare, and once more,
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley
Both in his counsel and his purse the chief
Assistant to the feignéd Duke of York.

Dur.

Most strange!

Urs.

Most wicked!

K. Hen.

Yet again, once more.

Clif.

Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen.

Sir William Stanley! Who? Sir William Stanley!
My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
The charge and the controlment of my person,
The keys and secrets of my treasury,

The all of all I am! I am unhappy.
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
To mine own person, yield my sceptre up
To Edward's sister and her bastard duke!

Dur.

You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen.

Sir William Stanley!

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O, do not blame me; he, 'twas only he,
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth-field
From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from his head
The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.
He never failed me: what have I deserved
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own?

Urs.

The night doth waste; this passion ill becomes ye;
Provide against your danger.

K. Hen.

Let it be so.
Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber;—
'Tis well we are i' the Tower; set a guard on him.—
Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-night;
We'll talk with you to-morrow.—My sad soul
Divines strange troubles.

Daw.

[*Within.*] Ho! the king, the king!
I must have entrance.

K. Hen.

Dawbeney's voice; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next, to keep
Our eyes from rest?

Enter **LORD DAWBENEY.**

The news?

Daw.

Ten thousand Cornish,
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gathered
A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,
They make for London, and to them is joined
Lord Audley: as they march, their number daily
Increases; they are—

K. Hen.

Rascals!—talk no more;
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.
To bed; and if I cannot sleep, I'll wake.—
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,
Even then an arm from Heaven fights for the just. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Edinburgh. The Presence-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter above, the* COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD, LADY KATHERINE, JANE DOUGLAS, *and other Ladies.

Countess.

Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation
For entertainment of this English prince;
The king intends grace more than ordinary:
'Twere pity now if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath.

Bless the young man, our nation would be laughed at
For honest souls through Christendom! My father
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
But that the king must not be crossed.

Countess.

He brings
A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him;
But very modest people, for they strive not
To fame their names too much; their godfathers
May be beholding to them, but their fathers
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised princes,
Brought up, it seems, to honest trades; no matter,
They will break forth in season.

Jane.

Or break out;
For most of ‘em are broken by report.— [*A flourish.*
The king!

Kath.

Let us observe ‘em and be silent.

Enter* KING JAMES, EARLS OF HUNTLEY *and* CRAWFORD, LORD DALYELL, *and other Noblemen.

K. Ja.

The right of kings, my lords, extends not only
To the safe conservation of their own,
But also to the aid of such allies
As change of time and state hath oftentimes
Hurled down from careful crowns to undergo

An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:
So English Richard, surnamed Cœur-de-Lion,
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,
Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,
Both sought and found supplies from foreign kings,
To repossess their own. Then grudge not, lords,
A much distresséd prince: King Charles of France
And Maximilian of Bohemia both

Have ratified his credit by their letters;
Shall we, then, be distrustful? No; compassion
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,
And we will have it shine there.

Hunt.

Do your will, sir.

K. Ja.

The young duke is at hand: Dalyell, from us
First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford
Shall meet him next; and Huntley, last of all,
Present him to our arms. [*Exit* LORD DALYELL.] Sound sprightly music,
Whilst majesty encounters majesty. [*Hautboys.*

Re-enter* LORD DALYELL *with* PERKIN WARBECK, *followed by* FRION, HERON, SKELTON, ASTLEY, *and* JOHN ATWATER. *The* EARL OF CRAWFORD *salutes* PERKIN *at the door, and the* EARL OF HUNTLEY *presents him to the* KING: *they embrace; the Noblemen slightly salute his followers.

War.

Most high, most mighty king! that now there stands
Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
A subject of the rarest kind of pity
That hath in any age touched noble hearts,
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin
Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,
And all the western world, what persecution
Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
To the great throne of old Plantagenets.
How from our nursery we have been hurried
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
By cruel hands to the tormentor's fury,

Is registered already in the volume
Of all men's tongues; whose true relation draws
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes
And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since
Have ranged a larger progress through strange lands,
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy
Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder
Paid them their wages of despair and horror;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robbed them farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great king, they spared my life, the butchers spared it;
Returned the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
A truth of my dispatch: I was conveyed
With secrecy and speed to Tournay; fostered
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself:
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear and of disdain; fear of the tyrant
Whose power swayed the throne then, when disdain
Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman,
Heir to the crown of England, snatched by Henry
From Richard's head; a thing scarce known i' the world.

K. Ja.

My lord, it stands not with your counsel now
To fly upon invectives: if you can
Make this apparent what you have discoursed
In every circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War.

You are a wise and just king, by the powers
Above reserved, beyond all other aids,
To plant me in mine own inheritance,
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means and persons who were instruments,
Great sir, ‘tis fit I over-pass in silence;

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Reserving the relation to the secrecy
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
Whose issue might be questioned. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
We vow hereafter to demean ourself
As if we were your own and natural brother,
Omitting no occasion in our person
T’ express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja.

He must be more than subject who can utter
The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer: be whate’er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;
Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy safety,
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
Dream hence affliction past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on!—
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye.—

Lead on! [*Exeunt all but the Ladies.*

Countess.

I have not seen a gentleman
Of a more brave aspéct or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him.—Madam, you're passionate.

Kath.

Beshrew me, but his words have touched me home,
As if his cause concerned me: I should pity him,
If he should prove another than he seems.

Re-enter **EARL OF CRAWFORD.**

Craw.

Ladies, the king commands your presence instantly
For entertainment of the duke.

Kath.

The duke
Must, then, be entertained, the king obeyed;
It is our duty.

Countess.

We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter **LORD DALYELL.**

Craw.

'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer

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Such argument of fine imposture, couched
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself.

Dal.

This dukeling mushroom
Hath doubtless charmed the king.

Craw.

Ay, and it madded
My very soul to hear our master's motion:
What surety both of amity and honour
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation
And this brave prince, forsooth!

Dal.

'Twill prove too fatal;
Wise Huntley fears the threatening. Bless the lady
From such a ruin!

Craw.

How the counsel privy
Of this young Phaëthon do screw their faces
Into a gravity their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of! the meanest of 'em
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

Dal.

Sure, not the hangman's; 'tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueships—Silence!

Enter **KING JAMES** ***and*** **EARL OF HUNTLEY.**

K. Ja.

Do not
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat—as we may term it—too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance, sir, we have,—
But find it short of duty.

Hunt.

Break my heart,
Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty,—
Heaven knows untainted ever,—drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,

My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixed with mine,

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By marriage of this girl to a straggler:
Take, take my head, sir: whilst my tongue can wag,
It cannot name him other.

K. Ja.

Kings are counterfeits
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones with sceptres in their fists.
But use your own detraction; ‘tis our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The Lady Katherine: instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

Hunt.

O, ‘tis well,
Exceeding well! I never was ambitious
Of using congees to my daughter-queen—
A queen! perhaps a quean!—Forgive me, Dalyell,
Thou honourable gentleman;—none here
Dare speak one word of comfort?

Dal.

Cruel misery!

Craw.

The lady, gracious prince, may-be hath settled
Affection on some former choice.

Dal.

Enforcement
Would prove but tyranny.

Hunt.

I thank ye heartily.
Let any yoeman of our nation challenge
An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down
What old desert hath builded.

K. Ja.

Cease persuasions.
I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not
On private loves; that I have played the orator
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision. The Welsh Harry henceforth
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.
We are resolved.

Hunt.

Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this.

K. Ja.

Then shall their bloods

Be nobly spent. No more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

Hunt.

Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessened, thank the king for't:
I and my griefs will dance now.

Enter **PERKIN WARBECK,** ***leading, and complimenting with,*** **LADY KATHERINE; COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON,** ***and*** **SKELTON.**

Look, lords, look;
Here's hand in hand already!

K. Ja.

Peace, old frenzy!—
How like a king he looks! Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspect; dross cannot
Cleave to so pure a metal—royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!

Hunt.

[*Aside.*] Ho, brave!—Youth,
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.

War.

An union this way
Settles possession in a monarchy
Established rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of providence
Shall crown you queen of me and my best fortunes.

Kath.

Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.

War.

Shall I?—

K. Ja.

Cousin, yes,
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
[He joins their hands.
And may they live at enmity with comfort
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths!—
You are the prince's wife now.

Kath.

By your gift, sir.

War.

Thus I take seizure of mine own.

Kath.

I miss yet
A father's blessing. Let me find it;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it.

Hunt.

I am Huntley,

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Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;
For Heaven did give me you. Alas, alas,
What would you have me say? May all the happiness
My prayers ever sued to fall upon you
Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee, Dalyell,
Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
As mine; let's steal away, and cry together.

Dal.

My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt* EARL OF HUNTLEY *and* LORD DALYELL.

K. Ja.

Good, kind Huntley
Is overjoyed: a fit solemnity
Shall perfect these delights.—Crawford, attend
Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but* FRION, HERON, SKELTON,
JOHN A-WATER, *and* ASTLEY.

Fri.

Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not followed
My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
Into a certainty above a hope.

Her.

Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confident, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars had reserved me to the title of a viscount at least:

honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

Skel.

My brother Heron hath right wisely delivered his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry shall in time go through-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Ast.

Spoken to the purpose, my fine-witted brother Skelton; for as no indenture but has its counterpane, no *noverint* but his condition or defeasance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fri.

You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and ‘tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious Mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

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J. a-Wat.

If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may or not be, presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men’s belief, more than other should rely on mine.

Fri.

Pith of experience! those that have borne office
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires in point of honour,—pray, mistake not,—
Some service to our lord, ‘tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Skel.

The Scots! the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach; or let my skin be punched full of eyelet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

Ast.

I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillory of forgery.

Her.

Let me first live a bankrupt, and die of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat.

If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, Master Secretary Frion, or I am cozened; which is possible, I grant.

Fri.

Resolved like men of knowledge: at this feast, then,
In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some show, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now it were uncomely
That we be found less forward for our prince
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have for their recreations undertook
Such kind of pastimes: as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in: ‘twill be grateful.

Her.

The motion is allowed: I have stole to a dancing school when I was a prentice.

Ast.

There have been Irish hubbubs, when I have made one too.

Skel.

For fashioning of shapes and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat.

Surely there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is as it is construed, either so or so.

Fri.

Still you come home to me; upon occasion
I find you relish courtship with discretion;
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
Pray ye wait the prince and in his ear acquaint him
With this design; I'll follow and direct ye.
[*Exeunt all but* FRION.
O, the toil
Of humouring this abject scum of mankind,
Muddy-brained peasants! princes feel a misery
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
Must yield to such abettors: yet our tide
Runs smoothly, without adverse winds; run on!
Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*London. The Tower.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, *the* EARLS OF OXFORD *and* SURREY, *and the* BISHOP OF DURHAM.**

K. Hen.

Have ye condemned my chamberlain?

Dur.

His treasons
Condemned him, sir; which were as clear and manifest
As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy pressed him so nearly,
That it drew from him free confession
Without an importunity.

K. Hen.

O, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy and the softness of our nature:
The rigour and extremity of law
Is sometimes too-too bitter; but we carry
A chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence
Of death; I hope we may.

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Dur.

You may, you may;
And so persuade your subjects that the title
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
Than yours of Lancaster! so Stanley holds:
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all, perjured and false,
Who have took oath to Henry and the justice
Of Henry's title; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
With all your other peers of state and church,
Foresworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven
And England's lawful heir!

Oxf.

By Vere's old honours,
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur.

'Tis a quarrel
T' engage a soul in.

K. Hen.

What a coil is here
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect!
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time

To save my life; yet, to say truth, my lords,
The man stayed long enough t' endanger it:—
But I could see no more into his heart
Than what his outward actions did present;
And for 'em have rewarded him so fully,
As that there wanted nothing in our gift
To gratify his merit, as I thought,
Unless I should divide my crown with him,
And give him half; though now I well perceive
'Twould scarce have served his turn without the whole.
But I am charitable, lords; let justice
Proceed in execution, whiles I mourn
The loss of one whom I esteemed a friend.

Dur.

Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen.

If he speak to me,
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my favours
To his last peace, which I with him will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us to consult
Of other following troubles. [*Exit.*

Oxf.

I am glad
He's gone: upon my life, he would have pardoned
The traitor, had he seen him.

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Sur.

'Tis a king
Composed of gentleness.

Dur.

Rare and unheard of:
But every man is nearest to himself;

And that the king observes; ‘tis fit he should.

***Enter* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Executioner, Confessor,* URSWICK, *and* LORD DAWBENEY.**

Stan.

May I not speak with Clifford ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?

Daw.

You shall; he’s sent for.

Stan.

I must not see the king?

Dur.

From him, Sir William,
These lords and I are sent he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life as willingly
As he would in the sweetness of his nature
Forget your trespass: but howe’er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend close treasured in his bosom.

Oxf.

Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you Heaven.

Sur.

And I; good angels guard ye!

Stan.

O, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers.
My grave Lord of Durham,
My Lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.

I was as you are once,—great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years;
but fate and time
Have wheeled about, to turn me into nothing.

Daw.

Sir Robert Clifford comes,—the man, Sir William,
You so desire to speak with.

Dur.

Mark their meeting.

***Enter* SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.**

Clif.

Sir William Stanley, I am glad your conscience

Before your end hath emptied every burthen
Which charged it, as that you can clearly witness
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concerned my truth and the state's safety.

Stan.

Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!
Come hither; by this token think on me!
[*Makes a cross on* CLIFFORD'S *face with his finger.*

Clif.

This token! What! I am abused?

Stan.

You are not.
I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,—
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy:
Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem;
Water shall never wash it off; all eyes
That gaze upon thy face shall read there written
A state-informer's character; more ugly
Stamped on a noble name than on a base.

The heavens forgive thee!—Pray, my lords, no change
Of words; this man and I have used too many.

Clif.

Shall I be disgraced
Without reply?

Dur.

Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

Stan.

Once more,
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king!
My next suit is, my lords,
To be remembered to my noble brother,
Derby, my much-grieved brother: O, persuade him
That I shall stand no blemish to his house
In chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him and for his sighs:
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
Nor being husband to King Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
Secure his peace above the state of man.
I take my leave, to travel to my dust:
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.—
Come, confessor.—On with thy axe, friend, on!

[*He is led off to execution.*

Clif.

Was I called hither by a traitor's breath
To be upbraided? Lords, the king shall know it.

Re-enter* KING HENRY *with a white staff.

K. Hen.

The king doth know it, sir; the king hath heard

What he or you could say. We have given credit
To every point of Clifford's information,
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
He dies for't; are you pleased?

Clif.

I pleased, my lord!

K. Hen.

No echoes: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court, take ease,
And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward: away!

Clif.

I go, sir. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take this staff
Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our chamberlain.

Daw.

I am your humble servant.

K. Hen.

We are followed
By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion: 'tis most true
The Cornish under Audley are marched on
As far as Winchester; but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness; we'll catch 'em
In their own toils.

Daw.

Your army, being mustered,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

K. Hen.

We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex and the Earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;
Be that your charge.

Oxf.

I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Hen.

The next division we assign to Dawbeney:
These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times
As to consummate an assured victory.

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Daw.

The king is still oraculous.

K. Hen.

But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertained
Perkin the counterfeit with more than common
Grace and respect, nay, courts him with rare favours.
The Scot is young and forward; we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle and secure
The frontiers against an invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter
On all occasions the death-daring Scots.
You know your charges all; ‘tis now a time

To execute, not talk: Heaven is our guard still.
War must breed peace: such is the fate of kings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Edinburgh. The Palace.*

***Enter* EARL OF HUNTLEY *and* LORD DALYELL.**

Hunt.

Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad gentleman:
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted
With the rare discord of pipes and tabors,
Hotch-potch of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,
Like to so many quiristers of Bedlam
Trolling a catch! The feasts, the manly stomachs,
The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,
The ale in dishes never fetched from China,
The hundred-thousand knacks not to be spoken of,—
And all this for King Oberon and Queen Mab,—
Should put a soul into ye. Look ye, good man,
How youthful I am grown: but, by your leave,

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This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit:
And yet you see how I do bear this change,
Methinks courageously: then shake off care
In such a time of jollity.

Dal.

Alas, sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
Which, howsoe'er you shadow, but present

To any judging eye the perfect substance,
Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt.

Foh, Dalyell!
Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
To this rare bridal-feast; let us be merry,
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.

Dal.

I wish you could as easily forget
The justice of your sorrows as my hopes
Can yield to destiny.

Hunt.

Pish! then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
Of my apt nature: I can laugh, laugh heartily,
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone
Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;
The quartan-fever, shrinking every limb,
Sets me a-capering straight; do but betray me,
And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust
The losing of a daughter, though I doted
On every hair that grew to trim her head,
Admits not any pain like one of these.
Come, thou'rt deceived in me: give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;
I love my wrongs: still thou'rt deceived in me.

Dal.

Deceived! O, noble Huntley, my few years
Have learnt experience of too ripe an age
To forfeit fit credulity: forgive
My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt.

Forgive me first
A madness of ambition; by example
Teach me humility, for patience scorns

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Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
Uncapable of injuries: though old,
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
Allegiance to my king; could fall at odds
With all my fellow-peers that durst not stand
Defendants ‘gainst the rape done on mine honour:
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their anointed bodies; for their actions
They only are accountable to heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain
One antidote’s reserved against the poison
Of my distractions; ‘tis in thee t’ apply it.

Dal.

Name it; O, name it quickly, sir!

Hunt.

A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;
I have culled out this time to beg it: prithee,
Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst owned
A happy bride, but now a castaway,
And never child of mine more.

Dal.

Say not so, sir;
It is not fault in her.

Hunt.

The world would prate
How she was handsome; young I know she was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience;

But lost now: what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings! Must I hope
A mercy from thy heart?

Dal.

A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.

Hunt.

Good angels
Reward thy charity! I have no more
But prayers left me now.

Dal.

I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.

Hunt.

Thank you truly:
I must; yes, yes, I must;—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction: look not angry.

Dal.

Good, noble sir! [*Flourish.*

Hunt.

O, hark! we may be quiet,
The King and all the others come; a meeting
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of revels;

To-morrow sounds of war; then new exchange;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage!

Enter* KING JAMES, PERKIN WARBECK *leading* LADY KATHERINE, *EARL OF CRAWFORD and his Countess;* JANE DOUGLAS, *and other Ladies.* EARL OF HUNTLEY *and* LORD DALYELL *fall in among them.

K. Ja.

Cousin of York, you and your princely bride

Have liberally enjoyed such soft delights
As a new-married couple could forethink;
Nor has our bounty shortened expectation:
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Of amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War.

My royal cousin, in your princely favour
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,—
Whose minister, necessity, will perfect,—
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.
Then James and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja.

Seat ye.—
Are the presenters ready?

Craw.

All are entering.

Hunt.

Dainty sport, Dalyell! come, sit and be quiet.

Enter at one door **Four Scotch Antics*****, accordingly habited; at another,*** **WARBECK'S** ***followers, disguised as*** **Four Wild Irish** ***in trowses, long-haired, and accordingly habited. A dance by the*** **Masquers.**

K. Ja.

To all a general thanks!

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War.

In the next room
Take your own shapes again; you shall receive
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt Masquers.*

K. Ja.

Enough
Of merriments.—Crawford, how far's our army
Upon the march?

Craw.

At Hedon-Hall, great king;
Twelve thousand, well-prepared.

K. Ja.

Crawford, to-night
Post thither. We in person, with the prince,
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner
Will be wi' ye; speed away!

Craw.

I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Ja.

Our business grows to head now: where's your secretary,
That he attends ye not to serve?

War.

With Marchmont,
Your herald.

K. Ja.

Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how the English stand
Affected to your title.—Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who for your honours
Must toil in fight abroad.

Hunt.

Prayers are the weapons
Which men so near their graves as I do use;
I've little else to do.

K. Ja.

To rest, young beauties!—
We must be early stirring; quickly part:
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.—
Cousins, good-night. [*A flourish.*

War.

Rest to our cousin-king.

Kath.

Your blessing, sir.

Hunt.

Fair blessings on your highness! sure, you need 'em.

[*Exeunt all but* WARBECK, LADY KATHERINE, *and* JANE.

War.

Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room this little purse;
Say we'll deserve their loves.

Jane.

It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

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War.

Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
A parting ceremony; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege t' intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath.

My lord, I'd fain go wi' ye; there's small fortune
In staying here behind.

War.

The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withal
Shalt hear how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest,
Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a Heaven on earth as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals: my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For love and majesty are reconciled,
And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

Kath.

You have a noble language, sir; your right
In me is without question, and however
Events of time may shorten my deserts
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
Or constancy or duty in a wife.
You must be king of me; and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine.

War.

But we will live,
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit
Be known the world's contempt.

Kath.

Pray, do not use
That word; it carries fate in't. The first suit

I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War.

Without denial, dearest.

Kath.

That hereafter,

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If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne'er can stay behind again.

War.

You're lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will;
Yet 'tis too hard to promise.

Kath.

What our destinies
Have ruled-out in their books we must not search,
But kneel to.

War.

Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable;
Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to: some few minutes
Remain yet; let's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Westminster. The Palace.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, *followed by* URSWICK.**

K. Hen.

How runs the time of day?

Urs.

Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen.

A bloody hour will it prove to some,

Whose disobedience, like the sons o' the earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.
Oxford, with Essex and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs.

They are all silent.

K. Hen.

From their own battlements they may behold
Saint George's-fields o'erspread with arméd men;
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

Urs.

The powers who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen.

Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence: in Kent

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Our Cornish rebels, cozened of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-necked abjects as with weary marches
Have travelled from their homes, their wives, and children,
To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
We may continue sovereign. Yet, Urswick,
We'll not abate one penny what in parliament

Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,
Without the food of fit supplies:—but, Urswick,
I have a charm in secret that shall loose
The witchcraft wherewith young King James is bound,
And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs.

Your majesty's a wise king, sent from heaven,
Protector of the just.

K. Hen.

Let dinner cheerfully
Be served in; this day of the week is ours,
Our day of providence; for Saturday
Yet never failed in all my undertakings
To yield me rest at night. [*A flourish.*]—What means this warning?
Good fate, speak peace to Henry! [*Exit URSWICK.*

***Enter* LORD DAWBENEY, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD.**

Daw.

Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf.

The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hewed in pieces.

K. Hen.

Dawbeney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes?

Daw.

Briefly thus:
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flattered expectation, from the Kentish—

Your majesty's right-trusty liegemen—flew,
Feathered by rage and heartened by presumption,

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To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance
Improved their ignorance; for they, supposing,
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather braved your forces
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-strand bridge, there I found
Such a resistance as might show what strength
Could make: here arrows hailed in showers upon us
A full yard long at least; but we prevailed.
My Lord of Oxford, with his fellow peers
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,
Pardon the oversight,—eager of doing
Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger; now the fight
Began in heat, which quenched in the blood of
Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Reserved to try your mercy, have returned
A victory with safety.

K. Hen.

Have we lost
An equal number with them?

Oxf.

In the total
Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
The ringleaders of this commotion,
Railéd in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors,

Wait your determinations.

K. Hen.

We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due: O, lords,
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped
Steal to the country back without pursuit:
There's not a drop of blood spilt but hath drawn
As much of mine: their swords could have wrought wonders
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheathed
Against their prince, but wounded their own breasts.
Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment
Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts.

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Daw.

Sir, will you please to see those rebels, heads
Of this wild monster-multitude?

K. Hen.

Dear friend,
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice
Must frown in terror; I will not vouchsafe
An eye of pity to them. Let false Audley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms
Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,
Defaced and torn; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hanged,
Quartered; their quarters into Cornwall sent
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleased
To pardon and dismiss from further quest.—
My Lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf.

I shall, sir.

[*Exit with DAWBENEY.*

***Enter* HIALAS *and* URSWICK.**

Urs.

My lord, here is the messenger from Spain.

K. Hen.

Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?

Hial.

Sir, a Castilian born.

K. Hen.

King Ferdinand,
With wise Queen Isabel his royal consort,
Write ye a man of worthy trust and candour.
Princes are dear to heaven who meet with subjects
Sincere in their employments; such I find
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
How joyful I repute the amity
With your most fortunate master, who almost
Comes near a miracle in his success
Against the Moors, who had devoured his country,
Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the use on't we repute
The privacy of his advisement to us
By you, intended an ambassador
To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
A policy of love, which well becomes
His wisdom and our care.

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Hial.

Your majesty
Doth understand him rightly.

K. Hen.

Else
Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,
To fall on ceremony would seem useless,
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our conference
As any council shall advise.

Hial.

Then, sir,
My chief request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join entreaty with me.

K. Hen.

I shall do it,
Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend ye ever.

Hial.

If King James,
By any indirection, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen.

Be not your own herald:
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial.

Guard all your princely thoughts!

K. Hen.

Good days
Urswick, no further
Than the next open gallery attend him.—
A hearty love go with you!

Hial.

Your vowed beadsman.

[*Exeunt* URSWICK *and* HIALAS.

K. Hen.

King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent: in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

***Re-enter* URSWICK.**

What, the Castilian's passed away?

Urs.

He is,
And undiscovered; the two hundred marks
Your majesty conveyed, he gently pursed
With a right modest gravity.

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K. Hen.

What was't
He muttered in the earnest of his wisdom?
He spoke not to be heard: 'twas about—

Urs.

Warbeck:
How if King Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding.

K. Hen.

Nay, nay; something
About my son Prince Arthur's match.

Urs.

Right, right, sir:
He hummed it out, how that King Ferdinand
Swore that the marriage 'twixt the Lady Katherine
His daughter and the Prince of Wales your son
Should never be consummated as long

As any Earl of Warwick lived in England,
Except by new creation.

K. Hen.

I remember
'Twas so, indeed: the king his master swore it?

Urs.

Directly, as he said.

K. Hen.

An Earl of Warwick!—
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To Bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;
It comes so slow, we must have airy spirits;
Our time requires dispatch.—[*Aside.*] The Earl of Warwick!
Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our Prince Arthur.—Get a messenger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

Enter **KING JAMES, PERKIN WARBECK, EARL OF CRAWFORD, LORD DALYELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKELTON,** ***and Soldiers.***

K. Ja.

We trifle time against these castle-walls;
The English prelate will not yield: once more
Give him a summons. [*A parley is sounded.*]

Enter on the walls the **BISHOP OF DURHAM,** ***armed, a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.***

War.

See, the jolly clerk
Appears, trimmed like a ruffian!

K. Ja.

Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones
From their foundation.

Dur.

Warlike King of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms
Unsuitable to my age or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity,
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loosed from his chains to set great kings at strife.
What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? Children laugh at
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To show your zeal in a conceited justice.
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance
But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails.
I and my fellow-subjects are resolved,

If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.

War.

O, sir, lend
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
What shall I call thee, thou gray-bearded scandal,
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
Thou ow'st allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced
And eloquent in mischief: sacred king,
Be deaf to his known malice.

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Dur.

Rather yield
Unto those holy motions which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body.
It is the surest policy in princes
To govern well their own than seek encroachment
Upon another's right.

Craw.

The king is serious,
Deep in his meditations.

Dal.

Lift them up
To Heaven, his better genius!

War.

Can you study
While such a devil raves? O, sir!

K. Ja.

Well, bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur.

Construe me
In like case by a subject of your own:

My resolution's fixed: King James, be counselled,
A greater fate waits on thee.
[*Exeunt* BISHOP OF DURHAM *and Soldiers from the walls.*

K. Ja.

Forage through
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

War.

O, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature;
I am most miserable: had I been
Born what this clergyman would by defame
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women or of infants murdered, virgins
Deflowered, old men butchered, dwellings fired,
My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:
Show more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes;
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

K. Ja.

You fool your piety
Ridiculously careful of an interest
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the bishop guessed of your adherents,
When not a petty burgess of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appeared
In your assistance: that should make ye whine,
And not your country's sufferance, as you term it.

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Dal.

The king is angry.

Craw.

And the passionate duke

Effeminately dolent.

War.

The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
Or other princes cast out of their thrones,
Have so acquainted me how misery
Is destitute of friends or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof without contempt or words.

K. Ja.

An humble-minded man!

***Enter* FRION.**

Now, what intelligence
Speaks Master Secretary Frion?

Fri.

Henry
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him in the right
Of this young prince.

K. Ja.

His subsidies, you mean:—
More, if you have it?

Fri.

Howard, Earl of Surrey,
Backed by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

War.

'Tis false! they come to side with us.

K. Ja.

Retreat.
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.—
Yet, Duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height: to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat; once a king will venture
His person to an earl, with condition
Of spilling lesser blood: Surrey is bold,
And James resolved.

War.

O, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory, since my cause

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Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
I am his equal.

K. Ja.

I will be the man.—
March softly off: where victory can reap
A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is cheap. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.*

Enter* EARL OF SURREY, BISHOP OF DURHAM, *Soldiers, with drums and colours.

Sur.

Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogs of their distempered climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?

The glory of Hedon-hall devasted? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden
O'erthrown? and this the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton-castle, yielded and demolished?
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle;
but it seems the cause
They undertake, considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on't.

Dur.

Noble Surrey,
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws
His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.
[*A trumpet within.*

Sur.

Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's sound;
Some message from King James: keep a fixed station.

Enter* MARCHMONT; *and another in Heralds' coats.

March.

From Scotland's awful majesty we come
Unto the English general.

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Sur.

To me?
Say on.

March.

Thus, then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood
As in two potent armies of necessity
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet compassion

Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great Earl of Surrey, in a single fight
He offers his own royal person; fairly
Proposing these conditions only, that
If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further arms: so speaks King James.

Sur.

So speaks King James! so like a king he speaks.
Heralds, the English general returns
A sensible devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellowed grace;
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
How his descent from his great throne, to honour
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his compeer in arms, hath conquered more
Than any sword could do; for which—my loyalty
Respected—I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
Is none of mine to part with; in affairs
Of princes subjects cannot traffic rights
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and—with pardon
To some unbribed vainglory—if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this dear favour,
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
Hostility, unless provoked.

March.

This answer
We shall relate unpartially.

Dur.

With favour,

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Pray have a little patience. [*Aside to* SURREY.] Sir, you find
By these gay flourishes how wearied travail
Inclines a willing rest; here's but a prologue,
However confidently uttered, meant
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion
Presents itself for honourable treaty,
Which we may make use of. I will back,
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
Unto King James, with these his heralds: you
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
Of breathing or proceeding; and King Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur.

[*Aside to* DURHAM.] To your wisdom,
Lord Bishop, I refer it.

Dur.

[*Aside to* SURREY.] Be it so, then.

Sur.

Heralds, accept this chain and these few crowns.

March.

Our duty, noble general.

Dur.

In part
Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to show
The king your master his sincerest zeal,

By further treaty, by no common man:
I will myself return with you.

Sur.

Y' oblige
My faithfullest affections ty'e, Lord Bishop.

March.

All happiness attend your lordship!
[*Exit with Herald.*

Sur.

Come, friends
And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet
No enemies but woods and hills to fight with;
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:
We may be free from danger, not secure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

***Enter* PERKIN WARBECK *and* FRION.**

War.

Frion, O, Frion, all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,

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Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
Hath mixed discourses with him; they are private,
I am not called to council now:—confusion
On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric
Of my designs are tottering.

Fri.

Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines.

War.

Let his mines,
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up

Works raised for my defence, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's:
I am my father's son still. But, O, Frion,
When I bring into count with my disasters
My wife's compartnership, my Kate's, my life's,
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mischief
Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
My fall in the attempt deserved our ancestors!

Fri.

You grow too wild in passion: if you will
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation.

War.

What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust! If? If I will appear!
Appear a prince! death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance! curséd cozenage
Of trust! Ye make me mad: 'twere best, it seems,
That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murdered and a living baffled!

Fri.

Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain.

War.

Sir, sir, take heed!
Gold and the promise of promotion rarely
Fail in temptation.

Fri.

Why to me this?

War.

Nothing.
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont

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In all extremities to talk of comfort;
Have ye none left now? I'll not interrupt yp.
Good, bear with my distractions! If King James
Deny us dwelling here, next whither must I?
I prithee, be not angry.

Fri.

Sir, I told ye
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces as you could partake
You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War.

Let me embrace thee, hug thee; thou'st revived
My comforts; if my cousin-king will fail,
Our cause will never.

***Enter* JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, *and* SKELTON.**

Welcome, my tried friends!
You keep your brains awake in our defence.—
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary. [*Exit.*

Ast.

Ah, sweet young prince!—Secretary, my fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all in one opinion directly; an if these Scotch garboils [1] do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently and in a trice.

Skel.

’Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities, get into the market-place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wat.

I grant ye, quoth I, so far forth as men may do, no more than men may do; for it is good to consider when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me—little said is soon amended.

Fri.

Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Her.

We do so, and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

[1] Tumults.

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Skel.

Pish, pish! ‘tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant ye, I warrant ye; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Ast.

This is but a cold phlegmatic country, not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

Skel.

A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wat.

Surely, when I bore office I found by experience that to be much troublesome was to be much wise and busy; I have observed how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore

conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will show it.

Fri.

Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time is but to lose it: cheer the prince
And haste him on to this: on this depends
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. [*Exeunt.*

***Enter* KING JAMES, *the* BISHOP OF DURHAM, *and* HIALAS.**

Hial.

France, Spain, and Germany combine a league
Of amity with England: nothing wants
For settling peace through Christendom, but love
Between the British monarchs, James and Henry.

Dur.

The English merchants, sir, have been received
With general procession into Antwerp;
The emperor confirms the combination.

Hial.

The king of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine his daughter with Prince Arthur.

Dur.

France courts this early contract.

Hial.

What can hinder
A quietness in England?—

Dur.

But your suffrage
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle?

Hial.

To this union
The good of both the church and commonwealth

Invite ye.

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Dur.

To this unity, a mystery
Of providence points out a greater blessing
For both these nations than our human reason
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
The Princess Margaret; I need not urge
What honour, what felicity can follow
On such affinity ‘twixt two Christian kings
Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,
I dare both motion and effect this marriage
For weal of both the kingdoms.

K. Ja.

Dar’st thou, lord bishop?

Dur.

Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
Some noble personage to the English court
By way of embassy.

Hial.

Part of the business
Shall suit my mediation.

K. Ja.

Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be: you two
Are ministers, I hope, of blesséd fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace:
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
Commended by the states of Christendom,
A prince, though in distress; his fair demeanour,
Lovely behaviour, unappalléd spirit,

Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
The brute beasts have both rocks and caves to fly to,
And men the altars of the church; to us
He came for refuge: kings come near in nature
Unto the gods in being touched with pity.
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my dominions,
In safety; but not ever to return.

Hial.

You are a just king.

Dur.

Wise, and herein happy.

K. Ja.

Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
Ambassador from us: we will throw down

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Our weapons; peace on all sides! Now repair
Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

Hial.

Delay shall question no dispatch; Heaven crown it.

[*Exeunt* BISHOP OF DURHAM *and* HIALAS.

K. Ja.

A league with Ferdinand! a marriage
With English Margaret! a free release
From restitution for the late affronts!
Cessation from hostility! and all
For Warbeck, not delivered, but dismissed!
We could not wish it better. Dalyell!

***Enter* LORD DALYELL.**

Dal.

Here, sir.

K. Ja.

Are Huntley and his daughter sent for?

Dal.

Sent for
And come, my lord.

K. Ja.

Say to the English prince
We want his company.

Dal.

He is at hand, sir.

***Enter* PERKIN WARBECK, LADY KATHERINE, JANE, FRION, HERON, SKELTON, JOHN A-WATER, *and* ASTLEY.**

K. Ja.

Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
How much we have engaged on your behalf:
How trivial and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
Of party shows, we might in vain repeat:
But now obedience to the mother church,
A father's care upon his country's weal,
The dignity of state, direct our wisdom
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
To which we're sworn already: it is you
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promised
On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here;

But yet I must live master of mine own:
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with, provided
Delay prove not my enemy.

War.

It shall not
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
Soars higher than report of ease and sloth
Can aim at: I acknowledge all your favours
Boundless and singular; am only wretched
In words as well as means to thank the grace
That flowed so liberally. Two empires firmly
You're lord of,—Scotland and Duke Richard's heart:
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
Fail than my life to serve you, best of kings;
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am
More loth to part with such a great example
Of virtue than all other mere respects.
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me what you have given,—this chaste lady,
Resolved on all extremes.

Kath.

I am your wife;
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.

War.

Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

K. Ja.

I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withal
A furniture becoming her high birth

And unsuspected constancy; provide
For your attendance: we will part good friends.
[*Exit with* LORD DALYELL.

War.

The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots:
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin-king
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. Ye're all resolved
For the west parts of England?

All.

Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri.

The inhabitants expect you daily.

War.

Cheerfully
Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

All.

A prince, a prince, a prince!
[*Exeunt* HERON, SKELTON, ASTLEY,
and JOHN A-WATER.

War.

Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their softness
With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noblest courage now, here were the trial:
But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath.

My fortunes, sir, have armed me to encounter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

Jane.

Never till death will I forsake my mistress,
Nor then in wishing to die with ye gladly.

Kath.

Alas, good soul!

Fri.

Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings:
From her expect on all occasions welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

War.

Go, Frion, go: wise men know how to soothe
Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited
Too long on expectation; never yet
Was any nation read of so besotted
In reason as t' adore the setting sun.
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine his wife,
Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire: if they fail,
Yet the report will never. Farewell, Frion! [*Exit* FRION.
This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late
I fear too much familiar with the Fox.

Re-enter **LORD DALYELL** ***with the*** **EARL OF HUNTLEY.**

Hunt.

I come to take my leave: you need not doubt
My interest in this sometime child of mine;
She's all yours now, good sir.—O, poor lost creature,

Heaven guard thee with much patience! if thou canst

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste but in thy grave.
Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are tokens
Of charity as true as of affection.

Kath.

This is the cruell'st farewell!

Hunt.

Love, young gentleman,
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,—
It is a father's, not a lover's offering;
Take it, my last [*Kisses her*].—I am too much a child.
Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide thee! [*Exit.*

Kath.

Most miserable daughter!—Have you aught
To add, sir, to our sorrows?

Dal.

I resolve,
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War.

We will be bosom-friends, most noble Dalyell;
For I accept this tender of your love
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—
Clear thy drowned eyes, my fairest: time and industry
Will show us better days, or end the worst. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

***Enter* EARL OF OXFORD *and* LORD DAWBENEY.**

Oxf.

No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

Daw.

Not any
But what King Henry knows himself: I thought
Our armies should have marched that way; his mind,
It seems, is altered.

Oxf.

Victory attends
His standard everywhere.

Daw.

Wise princes, Oxford,
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants

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And barbéd horses might as well prevail
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

Oxf.

The Scottish king showed more than common bravery
In proffer of a combat hand to hand
With Surrey.

Daw.

And but showed it: northern bloods
Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames.

Oxf.

Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk an hair’s-breadth.

Daw.

May he forfeit
The honour of an English name and nature,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness
As violent as hunger runs to food!

’Twas an addition any worthy spirit
Would covet, next to immortality,
Above all joys of life: we all missed shares
In that great opportunity.

Enter **KING HENRY,** *in close conversation with* **URSWICK.**

Oxf.
The king!
See, he comes smiling.
Daw.
O, the game runs smooth
On his side, then, believe it: cards well shuffled
And dealt with cunning bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise losers.
K. Hen.
The train takes?
Urs.
Most prosperously.
K. Hen.
I knew it should not miss.
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water ‘cause the fish at first
Plays round about the line and dares not bite.—
Lords, we may reign your king yet: Dawbeney, Oxford,
Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?
Daw.
A slave!
Oxf.
A vagabond!
Urs.
A glow-worm!
K. Hen.
Now, if Frion,

His practised politician, wear a brain
Of proof, King Perkin will in progress ride
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought
To pay their fealty.

Daw.

Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of London!

K. Hen.

Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,
Surrey and all his men are either idle
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,
To keep them busy.

Daw.

'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

K. Hen.

Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scattered
On cobweb parasites, or lavished out
In riot or a needless hospitality:
No undeserving favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
Of every contribution which provides
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
Is it not rare, then, in this toil of state
Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
Returns nor thanks nor comfort? Still the West
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,

Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
Of which they are but owners by our gift:
It must not be.

Oxf.

It must not, should not.

Enter* Messenger *with a packet.

K. Hen.

So then—
To whom?

Mess.

This packet to your sacred majesty.

K. Hen.

Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Messenger*

Oxf.

News from the North, upon my life.

Daw.

Wise Henry
Divines aforehand of events; with him
Attempts and executions are one act.

K. Hen.

Urswick, thine ear: Frion is caught; the man
Of cunning is outreached; we must be safe.
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee
My Durham owns a brain deserves that see:
He’s nimble in his industry, and mounting—
Thou hear’st me?

Urs.

And conceive your highness fitly.

K. Hen.

Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise.
Ourself will take a muster of them there:
And or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us.

Daw.

Salisbury!
Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

K. Hen.

Dear friend,
The charge must be our own; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease.—
Shall I entreat your loves?

Oxf.

Command our lives.

K. Hen.

Ye're men know how to do, not to forethink.
My bishop is a jewel tried and perfect;
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters
Must speed another to the Mayor of Exeter;
Urswick, dismiss him not.

Urs.

He waits your pleasure.

K. Hen.

Perkin a king? a king!

Urs.

My gracious lord,—

K. Hen.

Thoughts busied in the sphere of royalty
Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention

Of ills expected. We're resolved for Salisbury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Coast of Cornwall.*

***A general shout within. Enter* PERKIN WARBECK, LORD DALYELL, LADY KATHERINE, *and* JANE.**

War.

After so many storms as wind and seas
Have threatened to our weather-beaten ships,
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ingrateful only
To heaven and us in yielding sustenance
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations are an omen
Of happy process to their welcome lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts with wings
Of duty fly to lay their hearts before us.—
Unequalled pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet?

Kath.

Confirmed in health,
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,
Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!—
And my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes.

Dal.

Lady, I return
But barren crops of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

Jane.

I wait but as the shadow to the body;
For madam, without you let me be nothing.

War.

None talk of sadness; we are on the way
Which leads to victory: keep cowards thoughts
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
Locked in a grate, but loose disdains all force
Which bars his prey, and we are lion-hearted,—
Or else no king of beasts. [*Another general shout within.*
—Hark, how they shout,
Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

***Enter* SKELTON.**

Skel.

Save King Richard the Fourth! save thee, king of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of mettle; have proclaimed, through Bodmin and the whole county, my sweet prince Monarch of England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot of King Richard.

***Enter* ASTLEY.**

Ast.

The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo Septembris, anno regni regis primo, et cætera; confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure.

War.

To Exeter! to Exeter, march on!
Commend us to our people we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

Skel. and Ast.

King Richard, King Richard!

[*Exeunt* SKELTON *and* ASTLEY.

War.

A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points!
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! Such advantage
Hath Majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers-up of Truth's old throne
It both enlightens counsel and gives heart
To execution; whiles the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O, divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men
Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty,
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
For there's a fire more sacred purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.*

***Enter* LADY KATHERINE *and* JANE *in riding-suits, with one* Servant.**

Kath.

It is decreed; and we must yield to fate,
Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,

Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
Here, in a stranger's and an enemy's land,
Forsaken and unfurnished of all hopes
But such as wait on misery, I range,
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
My train and pomp of servants is reduced
To one kind gentlewoman and this groom.—
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

Jane.

To your ships,
Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath.

Home! I have none.
Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep
For joy to bid thee welcome; but, O, Jane,
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,
As I must be of them the common charity,
Good people's alms and prayers of the gentle,
Is the revenue must support my state.
As for my native country, since it once
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
My birth allowed me, here I make a vow
Scotland shall never see me being fall'n
Or lessened in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
Never to Scotland more will I return.
Could I be England's queen,—a glory, Jane,
I never fawned on,—yet the king who gave me
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence,
Delivered us suspected to his nation,

Rendered us spectacles to time and pity;
And is it fit I should return to such

As only listen after our descent
From happiness enjoyed to misery
Expected, though uncertain? Never, never!
Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature
Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbour;
Nor thou nor he has cause you may live safely.

Jane.

There is no safety whiles your dangers, madam,
Are every way apparent.

Serv.

Pardon, lady,
I cannot choose but show my honest heart;
You were ever my good lady.

Kath.

O, dear souls,
Your shares in grief are too-too much!

***Enter* LORD DALYELL.**

Dal.

I bring,
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

Kath.

Not more, my lord, than I can welcome: speak it;
The worst, the worst I look for.

Dal.

All the Cornish
At Exeter were by the citizens
Repulsed, encountered by the Earl of Devonshire
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
Your husband marched to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by King Henry's chamberlain;
The king himself in person with his army

Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
On all occasions: but the night before
The battles were to join, your husband privately,
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

Kath.

Fled without battle given?

Dal.

Fled, but followed
By Dawbeney; all his parties left to taste
King Henry's mercy,—for to that they yielded,—
Victorious without bloodshed.

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Kath.

O, my sorrows!
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
And robbed him of the glory of his pride.

Dal.

Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
Of noble courage, lady, but to foresight;
For by some secret friend he had intelligence
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
Worse yet remains untold.

Kath.

No, no, it cannot.

Dal.

I fear you are betrayed: the Earl of Oxford
Runs hot in your pursuit.

Kath.

He shall not need;
We'll run as hot in resolution gladly
To make the earl our jailor.

Jane.

Madam, madam,
They come, they come!

Enter* EARL OF OXFORD *with his Followers.

Dal.

Keep back! or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour
Runs on my sword.

Kath.

Most noble sir, forbear.—
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
Whom seek ye?

Oxf.

All stand off!—With favour, lady,
From Henry, England's king, I would present
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath.

We are that princess, whom your master-king
Pursues with reaching arms to draw into
His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his subject.

Oxf.

My commission
Extends no further, excellentest lady,
Than to a service; 'tis King Henry's pleasure
That you, and all that have relation t'ye,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness;
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
Of what you do call yours shall find disturbance,

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Or any welcome other than what suits

Your high condition.

Kath.

By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?

Oxf.

Your servant, lady,
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.

Kath.

Your king is herein royal,
That by a peer so ancient in desert
As well as blood commands us to his presence.

Oxf.

Invites ye, princess, not commands.

Kath.

Pray use
Your own phrase as you list: to your protection
Both I and mine submit.

Oxf.

There's in your number
A nobleman whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy so great a prince may hope for.

Dal.

My name is Dalyell.

Oxf.

'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder from report, my lord:
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.

Dal.

I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.

Oxf.

Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?

Kath.

Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Salisbury.*

Enter* KING HENRY, EARL OF SURREY, URSWICK, *and a guard of Soldiers.

K. Hen.

The counterfeit, King Perkin, is escaped:—
Escaped! so let him; he is hedged too fast

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Within the circuit of our English pale
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our land; the seas are rough and wider
Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, henceforth
Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy than affrighted rest of state.
But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
Of losses which our subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads questioned?

Sur.

Both demanded
And urged, my lord: to which the king replied,
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our master Henry was much abler

To bear the detriments than he repay them.

K. Hen.

The young man, I believe, spake honest truth;
He studies to be wise betimes.—Has, Urswick,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brook our steward,
Returned the Western gentlemen full thanks
From us for their tried loyalties?

Urs.

They have;
Which, as if health and life had reigned amongst ‘em,
With open hearts they joyfully received.

K. Hen.

Young Buckingham is a fair-natured prince,
Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;
Attended by an hundred knights and squires
Of special name he tendered humble service,
Which we must ne’er forget: and Devonshire’s wounds,
Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

Enter* LORD DAWBENEY *with a Guard, leading in* PERKIN WARBECK, HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, *and* SKELTON, *chained.

Daw.

Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness but the ambition of your mercy,—
Perkin, the Christian world’s strange wonder.

K. Hen.

Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder: I behold, ‘tis true,

An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands?

Daw.

From sanctuary
At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

K. Hen.

I must not thank you, sir; you were to blame
T' infringe the liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious?

Daw.

Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resigned themselves
Without compulsion.

K. Hen.

So? 'twas very well;
'Twas very, very well.—Turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions;
What revels in combustion through our kingdom
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck!

War.

But not my heart; my heart
Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter: if the sun
Of majesty be darkened, let the sun
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting-in of light when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretaine's court.
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed

A tyrant then; yet then a dawning glimmered
To some few wandering remnants, promising day
When first they ventured on a frightful shore
At Milford Haven;—

Daw.

Whither speeds his boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen.

O, let him range:
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
He does but act.—What followed?

War.

Bosworth Field;

Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied;
Fate, which crowned these attempts when least assured,
Might have befriended others like resolved.

K. Hen.

A pretty gallant! Thus your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess-aunt informed her nephew; so,
The lesson prompted and well conned, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War.

Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feignéd blush on: scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguished

From zanies to his greatness.

K. Hen.

Sirrah, shift
Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War.

I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements,
To the bettering of their fortunes, have incurred
A loss of all; to them if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen.

So brave!
What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels
Has been the Mayor of Cork?

Daw.

This wise formality.—
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [*They kneel.*

K. Hen.

Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a-Wat.

Under your good favours, as men are men, they may err for I confess, respectively, in taking great

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parts, the one side prevailing, the other side must go down: herein the point is clear, if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is to little

purpose to say, this thing or that shall be thus or thus; for, as the Fates will have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

Daw.

O, blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save King Henry!"

J. a-Wat.

Every man knows what is best, as it happens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings and subjects subjects; but which is which, you shall pardon me for that: whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal; no man knows his end.

K. Hen.

We trifle time with follies.

Her. John a-W. Ast. Skel.

Mercy, mercy!

K. Hen.

Urswick, command the fellows [*They rise.*
To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be conveyed to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts or abuse be suffered to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War.

Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower,—
Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

K. Hen.

No more!

Urs.

Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink ye.

[*Exit* URSWICK *with* PERKIN WARBECK
and his Followers, guarded.

K. Hen.

Was ever so much impudence in forgery?

The custom, sure, of being styled a king
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such;
But we shall teach the lad another language:
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw.

The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen.

Very likely;
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

Enter* EARL OF OXFORD, LADY KATHERINE *in her richest attire,* LORD DALYELL, JANE, *and Attendants.

Oxf.

Great sir, be pleased
With your accustomed grace to entertain
The Princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen.

Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnished of good manners
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half way in point of love.—Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight: O, fie! you may not kneel;
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath.

My fortunes and mine honours are weak champions,
As both are now befriended, sir: however,

Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen.

Our arms
Shall circle them from malice.—A sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath.

O, sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen.

We'll prove your father, husband, friend, and servant,
Prove what you wish to grant us.—Lords, be careful
A patent presently be drawn for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly
During our cousin's life.—Our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court your home,
Our subjects all your servants.

Kath.

But my husband?

K. Hen.

By all descriptions, you are noble Dalyell,
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare observance.
We thank ye; 'tis a goodness gives addition
To every title boasted from your ancestry,
In all most worthy.

Dal.

Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

K. Hen.

Embrace him, lords.—Whoever calls you mistress

Is lifted in our charge.—A goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encountered.

Kath.

Cruel misery
Of fate! what rests to hope for?

K. Hen.

Forward, lords,
To London.—Fair, ere long I shall present ye
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London: The Tower-hill.*

Enter* Constable *and* Officers, PERKIN WARBECK, URSWICK, *and* LAMBERT SIMNEL, *as a Falconer, followed by the rabble.

Const.

Make room there! keep off, I require ye; and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure.—Bring forward the malefactors. Friend, you must to this gear, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with his legs, just in the middle hole; there, that hole. [WARBECK *is put in the stocks.*]—Keep off, or I'll commit you all: shall not a man in authority be obeyed!—So, so, there; 'tis as it should be; put on the padlock, and give me the key.—Off, I say, keep off!

Urs.

Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience: thou hast tasted
King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
Have doomed thee to the gallows; twice most wickedly,
Most desperately, hast thou escaped the Tower,
Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft
Young Edward Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence,
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor gentleman, unhappy in his fate,
And ruined by thy cunning! so a mongrel
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

Sim.

You would be Dick the Fourth; very likely!

Your pedigree is published; you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A landloper [1]; your father was a Jew,

[1] Wanderer.

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Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries:
Where's now your kingship?

War.

Baited to my death?
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes:
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Sim.

You will not know who I am?

Urs.

Lambert Simnel,
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar;
But, on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

Sim.

I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled and ruffled
Against my master, leaped to catch the moon,
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;
An earl, forsooth! whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect him!—
Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service,
And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:
And is not this, now, better than to buffet

The hangman's clutches, or to brave the cordage
Of a tough halter which will break your neck?
So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee, Perkin,
Let my example lead thee; be no longer
A counterfeit; confess, and hope for pardon.

War.

For pardon! hold, my heart-strings, whiles contempt
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language!—Thou poor vermin,
How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
T' infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes:

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself.
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
And by tradition fix posterity
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of majesty.

Sim.

He's past
Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

Urs.

Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

Sim.

Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's coming. *[Exit.*

Urs.

If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!

***Enter* LADY KATHERINE, JANE, LORD DALYELL, *and* EARL OF OXFORD.**

Jane.

Dear lady!

Oxf.

Whither will ye,
Without respect of shame?

Kath.

Forbear me, sir,
And trouble not the current of my duty.—
O, my loved lord! can any scorn be yours
In which I have no interest—Some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
The infliction of this penance.—My life's dearest,
Forgive me; I have stayed too long from tendering
Attendance on reproach; yet bid me welcome.

War.

Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
Were never bankrupt of their confidence
In worst afflictions, till this; now I feel them.
Report and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
Might to eternity have stood a pattern
For every virtuous wife without this conquest.
Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin
In after-marriages be never pitied,

To whom thy story shall appear a fable!
Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness
To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart
Is liberal of passion.—Harry Richmond,
A woman's faith hath robbed thy fame of triumph!

Oxf.

Sirrah, leave-off your juggling, and tie up
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

Urs.

Thus witches,
Possessed, even to their deaths deluded, say
They have been wolves and dogs, and sailed in egg-shells
Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons,
Passed in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night:—the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false, and falsehood confident.

Oxf.

Remember, lady, who you are; come from
That impudent impostor.

Kath.

You abuse us:
For when the holy churchman joined our hands,
Our vows were real then; the ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.—
Be what these people term thee, I am certain
Thou art my husband, no divorce in Heaven
Has been sued-out between us; 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us:
Or we will live or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.

War.

Spite of tyranny

We reign in our affections, blesséd woman!
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour;
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory
Some miserable happiness; since herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
Of one chaste wife's troth pure and uncorrupted.
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
And saint it in the calendar of Virtue,
When I am turned into the self-same dust
Of which I was first formed.

Oxf.

The lord ambassador,

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Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
Your strange subjection in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
Unleft for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath.

Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
Impute it not unto immodesty
That I presume to press you to a legacy
Before we part for ever.

War.

Let it be, then,
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Kath.

Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

War.

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O, with that

I wish to breathe my last! upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*
Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

Kath.

By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
Not to be forced or won: O, never, never!

***Enter* EARLS OF SURREY, HUNTLEY, *and* CRAWFORD, *and* LORD DAWBENEY.**

Daw.

Free the condemnéd person; quickly free him!
What has he yet confessed?
[PERKIN WARBECK *is taken out of the stocks.*

Urs.

Nothing to purpose;
But still he will be king.

Sur.

Prepare your journey
To a new kingdom, then, unhappy madman,
Wilfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

Hunt.

I never pointed
Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely.
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say I wished that I had missed
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Kath.

You will forgive me, noble sir?

Hunt.

Yes, yes;
In every duty of a wife and daughter
I dare not disavow thee. To your husband,—
For such you are, sir,—I impart a farewell
Of manly pity; what your life has passed through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent;
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station. We are parted.

War.

We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley!—Worthy Crawford!
We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.

Craw.

Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought. I take my leave, sir.

War.

To you, Lord Dalyell,—what? accept a sigh,
'Tis hearty and in earnest.

Dal.

I want utterance;
My silence is my farewell.

Kath.

O, O!

Jane.

Sweet madam,
What do you mean?—My lord, your hand. [*To* DALYELL.

Dal.

Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait ye to your lodging.

[*Exeunt* LORD DALYELL *and* JANE, *supporting*

LADY KATHERINE.

Enter* Sheriff *and* Officers *with* SKELTON, ASTLEY, HERON, *and* JOHN A-WATER, *with halters about their necks.

Oxf.

Look ye; behold your followers, appointed
To wait on ye in death!

War.

Why, peers of England,
We'll lead 'em on courageously: I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads.—Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head,—for we are prologue
But to his tragedy,—conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines

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In this last issue male; Heaven be obeyed!
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er Death.

Daw.

Away, impostor beyond precedent!

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.*

No chronicle records his fellow.

Hunt.

I have
Not thoughts left: ‘tis sufficient in such cases
Just laws ought to proceed.

***Enter* KING HENRY, *the* BISHOP OF DURHAM, *and* HIALAS.**

K. Hen.

We are resolved.
Your business, noble lords, shall find success
Such as your king impórtunes.

Hunt.

You are gracious.

K. Hen.

Perkin, we are informed, is armed to die;
In that we’ll honour him. Our lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
We gather this fit use, that public states,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
In health when purgéd of corrupted blood. [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VIII

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretary to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant-at-Arms.*
QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her maid of honour, afterwards queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

***Enter, on one side, the* DUKE OF NORFOLK; *on the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.**

Buck.

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor.

I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck.

An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor.

'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor.

Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar.

Buck.

Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor.

One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck.

I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor.

All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck.

The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor.

Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king.

Aber.

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

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Buck.

Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon.

Aber.

And I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.

O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey.

Nor.

Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.

All this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor.

Like't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety, that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY *and Secretary with papers.

Wol.

The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

Secr.

Here, so please you.

Wol.

Is he in person ready?

Secr.

Ay, please your grace.

Wol.

Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and Secretary.*

Buck.

This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor.

What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck.

I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming t' augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,
I'm thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck.

To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck.

Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal

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Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter* BRANDON, *a* Sergeant-at-arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran.
Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg.
Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.
Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran.
I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present; 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck.
It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran.
Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To* ABERGA-VENNY.] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber.

As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran.

Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

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Buck.

So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.

Bran.

A Chartreux monk.

Buck.

O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

He.

Buck.

My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-chamber.*

Enter* KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the Lords of the Council*, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, *Officers, and Attendants.

K. Hen.

My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks

To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate. [*The* KING *takes his state.*

Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels.* *The* KING *rises, and places her by his side.

Q. Kath.

Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen.

Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath.

Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen.

Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath.

I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor.

Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen.

Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol.

Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath.

No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say

They are devis’d by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen.

Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let’s know,
Is this exaction?

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Q. Kath.

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden’d
Under your promis’d pardon. The subjects’ grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam’d, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it’s come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incenséd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen.

By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass’d me but
By learnéd approbation of the judges.
If I am
Traduc’d by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be

The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?

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A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol.

[*Aside to the Secretary.*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd

That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

***Enter* Surveyor.**

Q. Kath.

I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And ne'er seek aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; yet he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol.

Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv.

First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry't so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath.

My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen.

Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv.

He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen.

What was that Hopkins?

Surv.

Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen.

How know’st thou this?

Surv.

Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear’d the French would prove perfidious,
To the king’s danger. Presently the duke
Said, ‘twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
’Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, “that oft,” says he,
“Hath sent to me; Neither the king nor’s heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o’ the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.”

Q. Kath.

If I know you well,

You were the duke’s surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o’ the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen.

Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv.

On my soul, I’ll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil’s illusions
The monk might be deceiv’d; and that ‘twas dangerous
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg’d him some design, which, being believ’d,

It was much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen.

Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man:—canst thou say further?

Surv.

I can, my liege.

K. Hen.

Proceed.

Surv.

Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen.

I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?

Surv.

"If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen.

A giant traitor!

Wol.

Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath.

God mend all!

K. Hen.

There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv.

After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"

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He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen.

There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and* LORD SANDS.**

Cham.

Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham.

As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely

A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands.

They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham.

Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter **SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov.

Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham.

What is't for?

Lov.

The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham.

I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants

Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,—renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands.

'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov.

Ay marry,
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands.

The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands.

No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham.

Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov.

To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham.

O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham.

No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands.

He may, my lord, 'has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They're set here for examples.

Cham.

True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands.

I'm your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in York Place.*

***A small table for the* CARDINAL*, a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BULLEN *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; on the other, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.**

***Guild*.**

Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you're tardy:

***Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

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***Cham*.**

You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

***Sands*.**

By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne.

Was he mad, sir?

Sands.

O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,—
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham.

Well said, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands.

For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Enter **CARDINAL WOLSEY.**

Wol.

Ye're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands.

Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol.

My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands.

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have ‘em
Talk us to silence.

Anne.

You’re a merry gamester.
[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers discharged, within.*

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Cham.

Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol.

What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye’re privileg’d.

Re-enter **Servant.**

Cham.

How now! what is’t?

Serv.

A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they’ve left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol.

Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give ‘em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive ‘em nobly, and conduct ‘em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.
[*Exit* CHAMBERLAIN *attended.* *All rise.*
You’ve now a broken banquet; but we’ll mend it.
A good digestion to you all and once more
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all.

Enter the* KING *and others, as masquers, ushered by the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. *They pass before the* CARDINAL, *and salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham.

Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me
To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol.

Say, lord chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance.* *The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen.

The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music.* *Dance.*

Wol.

My lord,—

Cham.

Your grace?

Wol.

Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:—
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham.

I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol.

What say they?

Cham.

Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol.

Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen.

Ye've found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol.

I'm glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen.

My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham.

An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen.

By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*].—Gentlemen, a health!
Let it go round.

Wol.

Sir Thomas Lovell, is
The banquet ready in the privy chamber?

Lov.

Yes, my lord.

Wol.

Your grace, I fear, with dancing
Is a little heated.

K. Hen.

I fear, too much.

Wol.

There's fresher air, my lord, in the next chamber.

K. Hen.

Lead in your ladies, every one:—sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter two **Gentlemen,** ***meeting.***

First Gent.

Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent.

O,—God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent.

I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent.

Were you there?

First Gent.

Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent.

Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent.

You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent.

Is he found guilty.

First Gent.

Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent.

I'm sorry for't.

First Gent.

So are a number more.

Sec. Gent.

But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent.

I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on th' examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent.

That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent.

The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent.

After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent.

When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent.

I do not think he fears death.

First Gent.

Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish.
Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter **BUCKINGHAM, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, *and* SIR WILLIAM SANDS.**

Sec. Gent.

Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck.

All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

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For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov.

I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck.

Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me I cannot take peace with; no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov.

To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux.

Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck.

Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose;
for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*]

First Gent.

O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent.

If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent.

Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent.

This secret is so weighty, ‘twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

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First Gent.

Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent.

I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent.

Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent.

But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e’er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess’d him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv’d, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent.

’Tis the cardinal;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec. Gent.

I think you've hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent.

'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

***Enter the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *meeting the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.**

Nor.

Well met, my lord.

Cham.

Good day to both your graces.

Suf.

How is the king employ'd?

Cham.

I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor.

What's the cause?

Cham.

It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf.

No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor.

'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf.

Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor.

How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham.

Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf.

And free us from his slavery.

Nor.

We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf.

For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

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If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor.

Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham.

Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!

Nor.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. NORFOLK *opens a door.*

Suf.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen.

Who's there, ha? [*Within.*

Nor.

Pray God he be not angry.

***Enter* KING HENRY.**

K. Hen.

Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?

Nor.

A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen.

Ye're too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

***Enter* WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.**

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To* CAMPEIUS] You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it.—[*To* **WOLSEY**] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

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Wol.

Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen.

[*To* ***NORFOLK*** *and* ***SUFFOLK***.] We are busy; go.

Nor.

[*Aside to* ***SUF.***] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf.

[*Aside to* ***NOR.***] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor.

[*Aside to* ***SUF.***] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf.

[*Aside to* ***NOR.***] I another.

[*Exeunt* **NORFOLK** *and* **SUFFOLK**.]

Wol.

Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen.

And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam.

Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission;—by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant

In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen.

Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.

Wol.

I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,—
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen.

Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden.*

***Enter* ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.**

Anne.

Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter 'tis

Than sweet at first to acquire, after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L.

Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that cruel fortune do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L.

Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne.

So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L.

Our content
Is our best having.

Anne.

I would not be a queen.

Old L.

Beshrew me, I would; troth, and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne.

Nay, good troth,—

Old L.

Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?

Anne.

No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L.

'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Old L.

Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Anne.

How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L.

In faith, then I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the **LORD CHAMBERLAIN.**

Cham.

Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne.

My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham.

It was a gentle business, and becoming

The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne.

Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham.

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne.

I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,
I shall not fail t’ approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I’ve perus’d her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I’ll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour’d lord.

[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Old L.

Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,—
Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie upon
This cómpell’d fortune!—have your mouth fill’d up
Before you open ‘t.

Anne.

This is strange to me.

Old L.

How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once—’tis an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne.

Come, you are pleasant.

Old L.

With your theme, I could
O’ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne.

Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

***Enter the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH, *and* CARDINALS WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS. *Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their trains. The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING.**

Wol.

Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen.

What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides th’ authority allow’d;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol.

Be’t so.—Proceed.

Scribe.

Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

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Crier.

Henry King of England, etc.

K. Hen.

Here.

Scribe.

Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier.

Katharine Queen of England, etc.

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet.*

Q. Kath.

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I’ve been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin’d. When was the hour

I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foull'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for

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A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather's a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol.

You have here, lady,—

And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath.

Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath.

Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath.

I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. You do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath.

My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart

Is cramm’d with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness’ favours,
Gone slightly o’er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as’t please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person’s honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,

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To bring my whole cause ‘fore his holiness,
And to be judg’d by him.
[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*

Cam.

The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t’ accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by’t: ‘tis not well.
She’s going away.

K. Hen.

Call her again.

Crier.

Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif.

Madam, you are call’d back.

Q. Kath.

What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call’d, return.—Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt* QUEEN, *and her Attendants.*]

K. Hen.

Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that thou art, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens:—she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

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K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these

The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean the bishop—did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

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Be gladded in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd:—first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen.

I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin.

So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen.

I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegéd reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam.

So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:

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Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen.

[Aside.] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovéd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*London. Palace at Bridewell: the Queen's Apartment.*

The* QUEEN *and some of her Women at work.

Q. Kath.

Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

***Enter a* Gentleman.**

Q. Kath.

How now!

Gent.

An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath.

Would they speak with me?

Gent.

They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath.

Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

***Enter* WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.**

Wol.

Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath.

Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol.

May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath.

Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol.

Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath.

O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,

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If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol.

Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant
And service to his majesty and you.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam.

Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bears your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath.

[Aside.] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!—
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol.

Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath.

In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam.

I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath.

How, sir?

Cam.

Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol.

He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath.

Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath.

The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol.

Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath.

Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I'm old, my lords,

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And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam.

Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath.

Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol.

Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath.

My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath.

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her women.*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol.

If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam.

Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath.

Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment in the Palace.*

***Enter the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.**

Nor.

If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

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Sur.

I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf.

Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham.

My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor.

O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur.

Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor.

Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur.

How came
His practices to light?

Suf.

Most strangely.

Sur.

O, how, how?

Suf.

The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur.

Has the king this?

Suf.

Believe it.

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Sur.

Will this work?

Cham.

The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur.

Would he had!

Suf.

May you be happy
in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have't.

Sur.

My amen to't!

Suf.

All men's!

Nor.

Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf.

There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur.

But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor.

Marry, amen!

Suf.

No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

Cham.

Now, god incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor.

But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf.

He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and

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Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor.

This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf.

He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor.

So I hear.

Suf.

'Tis so.—
The cardinal!

Enter **WOLSEY** *and* **CROMWELL.**

Nor.

Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol.

The packet, Cromwell, gave't you the king?

Crom.

To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol.

Look'd he
O' th' inside of the papers?

Crom.

Presently
He did unseal them and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom.

I think, by this he is.

Wol.

Leave me awhile. [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor.

He's discontented.

Suf.

Maybe, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur.

Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol.

The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

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This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor.

He's vex'd at something.

Sur.

I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Suf.

The king, the king!

***Enter the* KING, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.**

K. Hen.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him!
How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor.

My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

K. Hen.

It may well be;

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

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Nor.

It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen.

If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*Takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol.

Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen.

Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that

I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol.

Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen.

You have said well.

Wol.

And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen.

'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

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Wol.

[Aside.] What should this mean?

Sur.

[Aside to the others.] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen.

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol.

My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.

Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

I do profess

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that I am true, and will be,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

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Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen.

'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't,—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit, frowning upon* WOLSEY: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol.

What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know ‘twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again.—What’s this?—”To the Pope”!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to ‘s holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I’ve touch’d the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

***Re-enter the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.**

Nor.
Hear the king’s pleasure, cardinal; who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester’s,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.
Stay,—
Where’s your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.
Who dare cross ‘em,
Bearing the king’s will from his mouth expressly?

Wol.
Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:—now, who'll take it?

Sur.

The king, that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself, then.

Sur.

Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals—
With thee and all thy best parts bound together—
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

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Wol.

This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol.

All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.

Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you're truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you.

Wol.

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor.

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol.

So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

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Sur.

This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol.

Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur.

I had rather want those than my head.—Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor.

Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf.

Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur.

Then, that you've sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities;
to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham.

O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur.

I forgive him.

Suf.

Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—this is my charge.

Nor.

And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.

Wol.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

Enter* CROMWELL, *amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom.

I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

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Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom.

I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol.

I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom.

The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom.

The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
What more?

Crom.

That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord árchbishop of Canterbury.

Wol.

That's news indeed.

Crom.

Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol.

There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord—and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blesséd martyr! Serve the king;

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Wol.

And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom.

Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Westminster. An upper Room, near the Abbey.*

Enter two* Gentlemen, *meeting.

First Gent.

You're well met once again, friend.

Sec. Gent.
So are you.
First Gent.
You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent.
’Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent.
’Tis very true: but that time offer’d sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent.
’Tis well: the citizens,
I’m sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let ‘em have their rights, they’re ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
First Gent.
Never greater,
Nor, I’ll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent.
May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent.
Yes; ‘tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.

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The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent.
I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent.

That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnéd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
[*They look down on the Procession. Music approaches.*
A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent.

Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent.

A bold brave gentleman.—That one should be
The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent.

'Tis the same,—high-steward.

Sec. Gent.

And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent.

Yes.—The queen!

Sec. Gent.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent.

They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent.

Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

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I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent.

It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent.

Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

First Gent.

And sometimes falling ones.

Sec. Gent.

No more of that.

[*Music dies away.*

Enter a third **Gentleman.**

First Gent.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent.

Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent.

You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent.

That I did.

First Gent.

How was it?

Sec. Gent.

Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent.

Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent.

Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent.

As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before.

Sec. Gent.

But what follow'd?

Third Gent.

At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac's back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent.

But, sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent.

I know it.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Kimbolton.*

***Enter* KATHARINE, *sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.**

Grif.

How does your grace?

Kath.

O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif.

Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath.

Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif.

Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward—
As a man sorely tainted—to his answer,

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He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath.

Alas, poor man!

Grif.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blesséd part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill-example.

Grif.

Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious, else.

Grif.

This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;

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Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—

Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif.

She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

Kath.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif.

Madam, we're here.

Kath.

It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif.

None, madam.

Kath.

No? Saw you not, even now, a blesséd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif.

I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath.

Bid the music leave;
They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat.

[*Aside to* GRIF.] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

Grif.

[Aside to PAT.] She's going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. [Aside to GRIF.] Heaven comfort her!

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

An't like your grace,—

Kath.

You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif.

You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess.

I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath.

Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and Messenger.*

***Re-enter* GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.**

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from th' emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap.

Madam, the same,—your servant.

Kath.

O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap.

Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath.

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had curd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap.

Madam, in good health.

Kath.

So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath.

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king;—

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath.

In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding:
She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have ‘em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw ‘em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid ‘em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas’d t’ have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

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These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap.

By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath.

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless’d him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I’m dead, good wench,
Let me be us’d with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife even to my grave:
Then lay me forth: although unqueen’d, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

[*She dies.*

THE END OF VOLUME II.